PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

AUG 7 1933

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VI. No. 127 (New Series) **SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 121
FOG AND SLUMS 124
EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF ADOLF HITLER . . 125
A LONDON DIARY 126
BIG FISH AND LITTLE FISH 127
THE LARK. By Y. Y. 128
JUSTIFICATION BY RACE. By MacFlecknoe . . 129
CORRESPONDENCE 129
From Dr. Edward Glover; A. W. Crampton, F.S.I.; A. W. Coleman; Mrs. L'Estrange Malone; Dr. Frank G. Layton; H. E. Bourne; Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier; S. V. Keeling; Gerald Barry and others; Dr. Stella Churchill; Ernest Thurtle; Hubert Carr-Gomm; E. C. Lamb; C. C. Tarelli.
CHICAGO'S "CENTURY OF PROGRESS." By William A. Robson 132
BABY PROVINCIALS. By W. J. Turner . . *Page* 133
FROM "THE SWORDS." By Roy Campbell . . 134
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 135
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones 136
The Romantic Agony 137
A Pacifist's Pilgrimage. By Kingsley Martin . 137
The Medical Uses of Analysis By L. S. Penrose . 138
Hitlerism 139
Gorki's Latest Novel. By Seán O'Faoláin . . 140
Told with Gusto 140
SHORTER NOTICES 142
ABOUT MOTORING 142
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 144
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 146

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE House of Commons flared up into life on Wednesday over the treatment of Flying-Officer Fitzpatrick at the hands of the police. The discussion showed that our traditional hatred of oppressive Executive action is still very much alive. Sir John Gilmour got much more than he bargained for, and he was forced by pressure from all parts of the House to agree to hear Mr. Fitzpatrick's side of the case. The incident involves far more than the isolated treatment of one citizen: it must be remembered that if our police are less prone to violence than most other police forces, that is only because constant vigilance has prevented the subtle growth of Executive irresponsibility. Nor are we sure that the same kind of publicity would have been given to a case of this sort if a poor man, who was not a Service officer and had no personal friends in the House, had complained that no apology was offered for wrongful arrest, that his arms were twisted and that the police story did not fit his memory of the facts. But it is very encouraging to know that the House of Commons has not forgotten its function as guardian of individual liberty.

Muddle

The Parliamentary session ends with one real sign of life to the credit of the House of Commons. But the House also begins to show some restiveness over the Government's comically muddled statements about expenditure on public works. All that can be gathered from the Prime Minister, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin is that the Government are both in favour of some expansion and against all expansion, and, in any case, mean to do nothing at all at present. The situation just suited Mr. Lloyd George, who seized on a recent speech by Mr. Baldwin as support for his own policy of land development. "The Rt. Hon. Gentleman has a habit now and again of stumbling on the truth and then picking himself up and going on as if nothing had happened." Mr. Lloyd George "read and re-read" Mr. Baldwin's speech and asked himself: "Does he mean it?" We do not know what the Government mean, except that they prefer to watch Mr. Roosevelt from a safe distance. What they seem to forget is that the distance is not safe. Mr. Roosevelt's failure would not leave this country unaffected. And we might have helped him to succeed.

Ups and Downs in the U.S.A.

In America a considerable check occurred late last week to the rising tendency of both stock and commodity prices; and there were plenty of people who made haste to prophesy the impending collapse of President Roosevelt's ambitious schemes. Doctrinaire exponents of *laisser faire* could be heard gloomily yet gleefully talking of disaster. Some of them would sooner see the world go to ruin according to the rules than rescue itself by unorthodox economics. There is, however, in our view nothing either surprising or serious in the occurrence of a price recession in America at the present stage. Obviously the rapid advance in stock and commodity prices during the past

month or two has been largely speculative, and has carried prices well beyond the existing level of consumers' demand. Under such conditions price recessions are not merely inevitable as temporary happenings, but salutary correctives to the tendency for prices to get ahead of consuming power. The United States can afford to let its commodity prices rise only in correspondence to the increase of purchasing power in the hands of the public. It is therefore probable that the American Government were not at all displeased by the recession, provided it was not likely to go too far. President Roosevelt's answer to it—obviously the correct answer—was to speed up his plans for bringing about an increase in wages and getting large-scale public works into operation at the earliest possible moment.

* * *

The importance which he attaches to this factor came out clearly in the broadcast speech he delivered on Tuesday. He may not have the power legally to enforce on all industry a "blanket code" of higher wages and reduced hours, but with public support behind him he may be able to achieve the same result without legal compulsion in the initial stage. He can at least make it very awkward for any employer who does not raise wages in accordance with his plan, even in advance of the formulation of a special code for each industry. In a crusade to secure this he is trying to enlist the organised support of the entire American public; and he seems likely to bring it off, at any rate for the time. If he does, and wages are raised without a contraction of employment, a solid basis will be given to the rises in prices that have already occurred. But it will still be necessary to secure for the future a balanced further expansion of prices and consuming power, so as to yield the wage-earner a higher income, the employer a profit high enough to provide an incentive to production but not high enough to engender a speculative boom, and the public more goods at prices which must be within its increasing means, but not to the extent of causing a shortage of current supply in relation to demand. So the great American experiment in controlled capitalism moves on another stage. If any man can put capitalism on its feet again President Roosevelt certainly seems to be the man to do it.

More Nazi Terrorism?

It is difficult to keep pace with the sensations with which Herr Hitler continues to provide Germany and the world at large. On Tuesday there was a forty minutes' hold-up in Berlin of trains, trams, buses and private and commercial cars, whilst Storm Troopers and police searched the passengers and arrested all persons (how many we do not know) "suspected of subversive activities." There may be method in this sort of madness; it keeps up the spirits of the Nazi "hearties," as the *Times* correspondent has suggested, and it keeps the public on the jump about the danger of the hidden hand. Both those ends are served, too, by the latest measures of Captain Göring. Anyone who molests, or is found guilty of intending to molest, a Brownshirt, is to be liable to summary execution; whilst any Brownshirt who has behaved naughtily for patriotic reasons may be summarily pardoned by Captain Göring himself. Another ominous item is the introduction of the death penalty for the dissemination of "atrocity propaganda" and of certain types of banned literature. This may obviously be stretched far, and we hope that these sinister decrees do not herald a fresh wave of terrorism.

Militarism in Germany

From the international point of view Germany continues to be the object of profound suspicion. Nobody imagines she is meditating war now or in the near future; but everybody is exercised about her rearming. The militarisation of the people goes on relentlessly, and it is absurd for apologists to pretend that constant glorification of the martial spirit by men in high places means no more than addresses to Boy Scouts. Herr Heines, a young man who combines the office of police chief of Breslau with the command of a hundred thousand Storm Troopers in Silesia, has just given a typical illustration of how the dragon's teeth are being sown up and down the country. "I am a soldier," he says, "you are soldiers, and we must all fight. We have finished with the internal revolution; now we are preparing for the external revolution—to free the German nation from bondage." As long as the present regime lasts we cannot expect any reaction in Germany against this bellicosity. The only possible policy is for the statesmen of Europe to insist on an international control over all armaments while addressing themselves also to the discovery of means of satisfying Germany's reasonable claims by peaceful methods. But there is little thought of that at the moment, and the general staffs of Europe are keeping their powder dry and turning their backs resolutely on Geneva.

Germany and the Apostolic Mission

Mr. Henderson's mission to Paris and Rome, and Munich and Prague, has done nothing, we fear, to advance the cause of disarmament. That is not his fault, and we applaud his dogged efforts. But apart from the old frictions and hesitations and fears that have from the outset vexed the Conference, the emergence and the development of Hitler have proved an insurmountable obstacle to any agreement worth talking about. There is now no effective will to disarm, and it looks as though the most that can be hoped for when and if the Conference reassembles at Geneva, is that it will register some pledges on what are really non-contentious points, such as the abstention from bacteriological warfare. That does not mean that we should resign ourselves to the inevitability of war or that we should give up the hope of international co-operation. War is not inevitable or even probable in the near future, if only because Hitler is far from ready for it and in any case dare not arm his proletariat. England, as the cheers for Einstein in the House on Wednesday showed, is awake to the intolerable nature of the Hitler regime. And we are glad to see that the attempt of the Germans to get "police planes" from this country has been exposed and nipped in the bud. A week or two ago we referred to this attempt, the success of which was at the time taken for granted in official quarters. But public opinion has made its weight felt, and Mr. Eden assured the House of Commons on Tuesday that H.M. Government has vetoed the German orders.

Spanish Troubles

Spain had its fill of excitement in the early part of this week, with police raids and arrests in a number of towns

from Barcelona to Cadiz. The trouble is said to be over as we write; but no official explanation has been given of what it was all about. It is clear, however, that the action of the Government was directed against malcontents on either wing—the Syndicalists for whom the regime is too bourgeois, and the Monarchists and Fascists, or quasi-Fascists, for whom it is too bourgeois. The latter may have been excited by the sentences just passed on the leaders of the insurrection of last August, which ranged from six years' to twenty-two years' imprisonment. The Labour extremists, of course, had no sympathy with these rebel officers; they have their own ideology and they are in perpetual effervescence. There is no real evidence of an organised conspiracy, but the situation was no doubt threatening enough to demand "preventive" measures. It looks as if the Republican Government—this or any other—will have a long row to hoe before tranquillity and unity are achieved in Spain. Señor Azaña and his friends have done some admirable work in the way of social and political reforms, but they have made a host of implacable enemies in the process.

Packing Up

The delegates to the World Economic Conference have packed up their troubles in their old kit-bags and gone home smiling sardonically. The numerous commissions, committees, sub-committees, and sub-sub-committees have reported, as they were told to do, though most of them have nothing but pious platitudes to report—and even the platitudes carry in some instances reservations by particular countries. The Bureau is left with discretion to summon the Conference to meet again when it thinks fit; but a motion by Mr. Cordell Hull that it should meet for this purpose not later than November was significantly defeated. Few of the delegates have any wish to come together again until there is some chance of achieving real results; and no one supposes that to be on the cards until the success or failure of the new capitalism in America can be plainly seen. Amid the disillusionments which the Conference has caused there are at least two things to be glad of. One is that it has given M. Litvinov the chance to put in some very useful diplomatic work on behalf of the U.S.S.R.; and the other is that the grandiose plan to cure under-consumption by producing less seems to have come to nothing. Though negotiations will be continued for the international limitation of the output of a number of commodities, including wheat, the likelihood of agreed plans between exporting and importing countries seems in most cases to have disappeared.

* * *

The first indications suggest that an overwhelming majority of farmers will vote for the new bacon marketing scheme, amd a slight return of optimism is already reflected in a small improvement in pig prices. The vote, like the cynic's definition of gratitude, is more a lively anticipation of benefits to come in the way of further restrictions of imports than an appreciation of terms promised to the producer. As in so many previous schemes the processor—in this case the bacon factory owner—is the only party who is effectually safeguarded. The producer is guaranteed a price which allows nothing for the ordinary risks of keeping live stock. The consumer is not effectively protected. The scheme has the fundamental weakness which is present in an extreme form in the sugar beet subsidy. Another danger is due to the tendency of farmers to rush into any branch of the industry which is not showing a definite loss. As the meat trade grows steadily worse, the grass land farmers are turning to dairying and pig-keeping. Major Elliot may well find that the next twelve months produces a far larger surplus of milk and bacon than has been allowed for under his scheme, and the arrangements entered into with Denmark.

Ships and Profits

Shipbuilders' Security, Ltd., is an institution created some years ago by the leading firms of shipbuilders for the purpose of buying up redundant shipyards and closing them down permanently. Its practice is not merely to close the yards, but also to dismantle them completely and then to sell the land under restrictive covenants which prevent it from being used ever again for the building of ships. As good sites for shipbuilding are not numerous this is an effective method of restriction. Especially, it knocks out altogether the possibility of any renewal of the industry in smallish places where there is only one suitable site for a yard. Strange as it may seem, the unemployed shipyard workers in these places, and even the municipal authorities, show some lack of enthusiasm for this method of making the industry prosperous—somewhere else. They are even demanding legislation to forbid the making of restrictive covenants preventing the future use of the land for shipbuilding. They are unwilling to accept the view that what has been in a number of places the chief local industry is gone, not merely for the duration of the slump, but for ever and a day. Yet, plainly, these restrictive covenants are all that is possible for individual capitalist interests. As long as profit remains the criterion of production, boilermakers cannot effectively protest against a sentence of permanent unemployment or towns against having their rateable values lowered in the interests of particular interests.

"The New Statesman and Nation" in August

Every year at about this time the pigeon holes are opened again and the stock silly season stuff brought out and refurbished for the enjoyment of a public which is supposed in August to be interested only in such problems as how the toad got into the hole and whether the record of the stars (in both senses) goes to show that matrimonial engagements in August are successful. But public affairs are apt to disregard newspaper arrangements, and August happens to be the month in which a war broke out; in which Lord Snowden fought the world for two million pounds at the Hague; in which a financial crisis led to the formation of a National Government. In the coming August the political and economic situation also promises to be unusually interesting, and we have therefore arranged not only for an attractive literary programme but also for articles written with intimate knowledge dealing with the realities of the anti-Hitler organisation which has already been built up in Germany, and with prospects of various national schemes of "controlled capitalism" with particular reference to the American experiment. It may interest readers to know that the slight seasonal drop in circulation which is usually expected by all papers in the holiday season shows no signs of occurring in our case this year. Our circulation is, in fact, still increasing at the end of July.

FOG AND SLUMS

"GREAT achievements," says Joseph Conrad in one of his works, "are accomplished in a blessed, warm, mental fog." If that were true in political and social affairs, our Tory masters might provide us with a stupendous solution of the housing problem. Fog they have in abundance; Ministers of the Crown, municipal councillors, publicists, and even the more earnest denizens of Belgravia, wallow in it. Mr. Baldwin gave a typical illustration the other day in a speech to a Conservative demonstration at Cambridge. "Our simple conviction," he announced with unction and amid loud cheers, "is that every man in this island is entitled to live in conditions that will provide comfort, health and happiness, as far as we can afford it." And to achieve this, he added, "it needs no miracles. It needs only good will and hard work." Whom exactly he was inciting to hard work in housebuilding we do not pretend to know. Neither the experts and officials who are concerned with drawing up the schemes, nor the operatives who are crying for employment, can surely be accused of loafing. As for good will, it is a necessary thing as well as a blessed and warm word; but it is obviously not enough. What is needed, in fact, is the resolution to translate good will into bricks and mortar. And it is the weakness of that resolution in the Conservative Party that makes us less hopeful than we should like to be about their solving the housing problem.

The problem, as everybody knows, is one of the first magnitude. Sir Raymond Unwin a day or two ago gave us some figures. The estimated shortage of houses, he said, was 300,000 in 1911. In 1921 it had grown to three-quarters of a million; ten years later, despite all attempts to cope with it, it was over 800,000; and to-day it is probably still higher. Nor is this all. Of the houses in actual occupation, it is estimated that 500,000 are unfit to live in, and another 500,000 below a decent modern standard. These figures are for the whole country; those who want information about the state of particular towns can get it without difficulty. Sir Ernest Simon puts the shortage of houses in Manchester at 13,000—that is to say, there are 13,000 families (not persons) who have not got a separate home, and of these some 5,000 are living in the abhorrent conditions of a single-room tenancy. Other places are still worse; Glasgow, for example, is said to need 100,000 houses. Everywhere it is the same story—not merely slums, but overcrowding (accentuated by the recent increase in the number of families, which has been relatively far greater than the increase in the total population), and a shortage of houses that can be let at a rent within the means of vast numbers of the poorer people.

What have the Government to say about all this? The Minister of Health a few months ago was pricked out of his sleep, but not out of his mental fog. He announced the withdrawal of the Wheatley subsidy, and persuaded himself (as we must charitably suppose) and the more innocent and good willish members of his party that this would result in the building of more, and not less, houses for the working class. He was cool towards the demand for a national body which should stimulate, co-ordinate, and guide the efforts of local authorities, public utility societies and private builders. He referred this proposal to a Committee, which is expected to report very shortly and which, if rumour speaks true, will report unfavourably. The task of providing new houses in general being thus relegated to private enterprise, with some rather problematical assistance from the Building Societies, we can concentrate on a spectacular campaign against the slums. This in the view of some of the most authoritative experts is not the most urgent thing; Sir Ernest Simon argues that in Manchester, at any rate, the right policy at this moment is to build more houses and defer slum clearance. Ideally, we ought to get on with both at the same time; but for that the necessary resolution is lacking, and we must hope for the best from the Government's new found zeal for the abolition of the slums. In saying that we are not, of course, attempting to belittle the importance of abolishing the slums. We are only voicing the doubts which long experience of Conservative Governments and local authorities has forced us to entertain. It will indeed be a matter for rejoicing if their performance turns out to be anything like as good as their present professions. But it is pretty certain that, unless the schemes put forward are subjected to incessant scrutiny and criticism, the travail of the Whitehall mountain will produce a very ridiculous mouse.

Take the proposals of the London County Council, which have been so boosted this week. £35,000,000 is to be spent during a period of ten years in the clearance of slums and the rehousing of a quarter of a million persons. It sounds grand—until you look into some of the details and the reservations, and cast an eye back on the record of the L.C.C.'s housing efforts in the past decade. There is to be no undue haste, it seems. We do not complain that this is a ten year plan, and not the five year plan asked for by the Minister of Health from the municipalities. London is a peculiar problem and may be entitled to exceptional treatment. Rome was not built in a day, and the Great Wen unhappily will take many days to unbuild. But it is a very timid beginning that is proposed. Of the £35,000,000, only £2,000,000 are to be spent in the first year of the scheme, 1934-35, and £3,000,000 in 1935-36. Nor is even that assured; the Finance Committee of the Council, in concurring in the Housing Committee's recommendations, makes the announcement that it reserves full freedom to provide, or not to provide, the funds year by year. This may seem to be no more than proper caution; but a glance at past history will show how ominous it is. Neither under the Addison scheme, just after the war, nor under the subsequent Acts of 1923 and 1924, did the number of houses built by the L.C.C. approach the total it had promised. At the end of 1930, an imposing programme was launched, which included the building of 34,670 houses, as well as a slum clearance scheme, in five years. The total capital expenditure was to be £21,825,000. Actually, the sums spent fell short of what was laid down in the programme by £1,800,000 in 1931-32, and by £3,200,000 in 1932-33. On slum clearance, which was to have cost an average of £725,000 a year, the actual amount spent was £1,306 in 1931-32, and £52,860 in 1932-33. It is not surprising, in face of these facts and figures, and others which we have no space to mention, that the Labour Party in the L.C.C. should view the Conservative proposal with profound scepticism, and that Mr. Herbert, in the debate on Tuesday, should have denounced it roundly as eyewash.

Whether it be eyewash or not, it can hardly thrill the Ministry, or constitute, in the words of the Housing Committee itself, "a lead which will be of enormous help to the rest of the country." The rest of the country ought to do a great deal better than this.

"We cannot afford," said Mr. Baldwin in the speech we have already referred to, "the moral and physical degradation that accompany our slum dwellings." Of course we cannot afford it; but we shall continue to breed the moral and physical degradation until Tory politicians have learned the difference between true and false public economy. They are like Charles II who, in Macaulay's phrase, was "niggardly in the wrong place and munificent in the wrong place." It undoubtedly costs some money to destroy slums and build houses. It also costs money to build other things; a single aircraft carrier, for example, runs us into £6,000,000 or more. It even costs money to equip public services for the treatment of the victims of slum life. And, by the way, lest any London ratepayer, who has not got beyond the foggy stage of good will about the slums, should feel faint at the sacrifice the L.C.C. is asking him to make, let us mention two other figures. "The minimum deficiency," says the Finance Committee of the Council, "ultimately falling on the rates in respect of 250,000 persons rehoused is £187,500 a year for 40 years on the basis of five persons to the tenement." The product of a penny rate in the County of London is rather more than £227,000.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF ADOLF HITLER

THE first time I heard the name of Adolf Hitler mentioned was shortly after the end of the war, when a man named Franz Xavier Huber, a war veteran who had a leg shot away before Verdun in 1917, told me the stories of a curious fellow who had been in his regiment at the front. He was a garrulous chap, and, sitting in that same Bürgerbraü Keller in Munich (where in 1923 Hitler took his first plunge into revolutionary activities by firing off his army revolver at the ceiling and declaring the morrow would see him victor or dead although it saw him neither the one nor the other, but unscathed, a helter-skelter fugitive in the Bavarian hills), he used to tell tales tragic and humorous of his campaign experiences.

The thing that had struck him about "Private Hitler" was his grandiloquence. He was neither popular nor the reverse with his fellows; they just smiled at him and his vague rambling speeches on everything in the world and out of it. He acquired very swiftly the reputation of being what in the British Army is called "an old soldier." That is, he showed distinct talent in avoiding disagreeable tasks, but he knew on which side his bread was buttered. He interested himself particularly in the important question of seeing the officer's washing was done or doing it himself. This secured for him the good graces of the colonel, who removed him from the more constant dangers of the trenches and appointed him runner between regimental headquarters and the front line.

These duties brought him frequently in contact with the men and he would sit for hours in a dug-out and hold forth on Socialism, of which it was evident he had only very hazy notions. Old Social Democrats used to laugh at him, but no one debated seriously with him. He could not brook contradiction and used to fly into terrible rages if anyone ventured a word of dissent. Though he got the Iron Cross of the second class, no one in the regiment ever looked upon Hitler as any sort of a hero; indeed they rather admired him for the skill with which he avoided hot corners. The regimental records contain not a line concerning an award of the Iron Cross of the first class to Hitler, though in latter years he has taken to wearing it prominently on his self-constructed uniform.

In those days in Munich I lived in the Thiersh Strasse, where nowadays the Hitlerite organ *Völkischer Beobachter* has its offices in a sumptuous building, and I frequently noticed in the street a man who vaguely reminded me of a militant edition of Charles Chaplin, owing to his characteristic moustache and his bouncing way of walking. He never wore a hat, but always carried a riding whip in his hand with which he used incessantly to chop off imaginary heads as he walked. He was so funny that I inquired from neighbours who he might be: most of them, owing to his Slav type, took him to be one of these Russian emigrés who abounded in Germany at that time, and they freely talked of his being probably a trifle mentally deranged. But my grocer told me it was a Herr Adolf Hitler from Braunau in Austria, and that he was leader of a tiny political group which called itself the "German National Socialist Workers Party." He lived quietly enough as a boarder in the apartment of a small artisan, wrote articles for an obscure paper called the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and orated in hole-and-corner meetings before audiences of a dozen or two. His closest friend was a Russian emigré from the Baltic Provinces, a certain Herr Rosenberg, who was joint owner of the paper. Out of curiosity I bought the paper once or twice, and found it a scatter-brained collection of wild anti-Jewish stories and articles interlarded with panegyrics on the Germanic race. My obliging grocer closed his information on Hitler by remarking that he frequently purchased things in his shop and was, despite his eccentric appearance, quite a pleasant fellow, though inclined to talk sixteen to the dozen about anything and everything.

Some time later I became a frequent customer of a little wine saloon in the Schelling Strasse, called the "Osteria Bavaria." It was an historic place in its way, for it had been the haunt of the philosopher Schelling. The public in this inn was mostly composed of Bohemians, artists and art students, members of the staff of *Simplicissimus*, the famous satirical weekly; musicians and poetasters sat around of an evening and listened to Gulbransson or Thöny giving forth their views on art, politics and the price of a pound of meat. Discussions ensued that lasted far into the night, over tankards of beer and bottles of an excellent Chianti. Hitler was an almost daily visitor; he had, I learned, been a house painter in his early days in Vienna, but he was rather sore on the subject, and posed as an artist. He was very fond of airing his views on art and architecture, which, however, were not taken seriously by any of the artists who frequented the place.

Hitler was often accompanied by one or two friends who, I was told, were members of his little political group. The most sensible of the band was a chemist named Gregor Strasser, a very sound fellow with whom I often spoke. Hitler's closest friend at that time, however, seemed to be an ex-army captain named Roehm, who later became chief of the Storm Troops, while his friend, Baldur von Schirach, was entrusted with leadership of the "Hitler Youth," the boy scout organisation of the National Socialist movement.

One thing that struck me about Hitler was his extreme abstemiousness. He ate every night a dish of vegetables, and mineral water was his only drink. He never smoked. This reminds me of an amusing incident when Hitler became Chancellor. The German vegetarians have a central organ of their league, and this paper came out with flaming headlines:

FIRST GREAT VICTORY OF GERMAN VEGETARIANS.
HITLER BECOMES CHANCELLOR.

Sometimes instead of regaling us with chaotic speeches, Hitler would sit for hours on end in front of his mineral water, staring into space, not uttering a word, and apparently quite oblivious of his surroundings. If on these occasions someone suddenly addressed him, he would start as if out of sleep, and stroke his forehead with his hand several times before coming back to reality.

Apart from politics and art, Hitler's chief topics of con-

versation were Italy and clairvoyance. He had never visited Italy, but had apparently read a great deal about it, and he would sometimes talk for half an hour on end about the glories of ancient Rome and the greatness of the Caesars. There was something about his talk that made one think of the prophets of the Old Testament: he spoke as if he believed himself to be inspired. The only thing that dispelled the illusion was his frequent use of words that are not found in the dictionary of a cultivated German.

One day I remember a man came in who, for the price of a plate of soup, read hands and told fortunes. Hitler retired with the soothsayer into a corner and spent a whole hour with him in earnest conference. When he got back among us, he turned with anger upon a student who had made a slighting remark about clairvoyance, and launched out upon an eloquent defence of occultism of every kind, and especially of astrology. He made a confidant, too, of a Jewish charlatan named Steinschneider who had taken to himself the name of Hanussen, and consulted him frequently. Hanussen, who subsequently founded and ran a weekly newspaper on astrology, devoted to indirect propaganda for Hitler, became for a few weeks after Hitler's accession to power almost as important a factor in Germany as Rasputin had been in Russia. But his end was a tragic one. He was found murdered in a field in the environs of Berlin. Accounts vary regarding his death. Some say he knew too much; others that he had warned Hitler that the stars were unfavourable to him and that in the beginning of the winter of 1933 he would collapse. Others again ascribe his death to the jealousy of professional colleagues. However that may be, the incident does not appear to have shaken Hitler's faith in astrology, and one of Hanussen's chief rivals, a man named Mücke, has been appointed by Hitler "Federal Commissary for Occultism." This, I believe, is the first time in modern ages that a state has officially recognised soothsaying and turned it into a government department.

But there is one extraordinary feature about Hitler's faith in the occult which gives rise to intriguing speculation. As everyone knows, he has adopted the Swastika as the emblem not only of his party but of the State. But curiously enough this Swastika is reversed, and anyone acquainted with Eastern beliefs and superstitions knows that this is to be regarded with positive horror. An inverted Swastika is indicative not of endless life but of the flood and flame of life leading to a violent destruction.

Did Hitler know this when he foisted it upon the German nation? Is the reversed Swastika just another sign of the man's half-baked conceptions of things, even his beloved mysticism? Or is this a last vestige of the irony of his political faith?

Hitler was not without devoted adherents in the "Osteria Bavaria." Some students after a while became seized with a sort of hero-worship regarding him, and hung on to every word he said with wrapt attention. But there is no doubt his chief admirers were the two waitresses, buxom Bavarian wenches, who listened open-mouthed to him and danced attendance on him in a way that formed the subject of many jokes among the habitués of the place. Hitler's relations with women indeed are a strange and obscure chapter. I saw a great deal of him at that time, and I can certify that he was in these matters as abstemious as in regard to food and drink. The only woman he seemed to care for at all was the lady to whose villa in the hills he fled after his inglorious collapse in November, 1923. He used to correspond with her a great deal and spent frequent week-ends at her place. Latterly he is said to have fallen in love with Winifred Wagner, but I can hardly imagine the Hitler of 1921 in love. Another thing that struck me was the man's utter incapacity to deal with important details. When he spoke of Italy, or the German race, or occultism, or the Jews, his talk was a succession of vague generalities, couched in attractive if flowery language, but showing in every case either complete ignorance or at least complete contempt for detail.

Though he insisted in season and out of season on the greatness of "pure Germanism," I never met a German who was so entirely un-German. His speech, his thought, his outlook upon men and things were far more Slav than Teutonic. He loved everything foreign while he denounced it. His race theories came from the Frenchman, Gobineau, and the English renegade, Houston Chamberlain. His famous phrase "the Third Reich" was the invention of the Dutchman, Moeller van den Bruck. The party salute was an Elizabethan stage convention—a subterfuge adopted by actors to imitate Roman. His regimental standards were a pale imitation of Roman eagles. His uniforms are anything but Germanic. They are a sort of cocktail of French, Austrian and English uniforms with most of the bad points to all three. But I will say this, as the result of these long evenings spent with him: he was, and probably still is, passionately, almost ferociously, sincere in all he says and does, even when it appears hypocritical and insincere.

W.W.C.

A LONDON DIARY

FOR some time copies of official Nazi papers, the *Völkische Beobachter* and the *Angriff*, have been on sale in London streets, and there have been rumours of an English edition of the *Völkische Beobachter*. I now understand that the Nazis have realised that nothing would be so fatal to their cause in this country as to allow the British public to see the bloodthirsty and muddle-headed stuff which is provided for the German public and that we are to have instead "an independent journal of British opinion." The editor named is one Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison, a writer of military thrillers who is said to be a rabid pro-Hitlerite. The headquarters of the Nazis in this country is a West End hotel from which a very considerable propaganda is now being organised. I am told that about forty lecturers are already at work visiting a variety of clubs and other institutions with the object of persuading us that all is lovely in Germany. It would be interesting to know more of the relationships between the Nazis in this country and our own Fascist organisations. The technique of British Fascism has been carefully adapted from foreign models; there are ample funds, and groups of men who have been out of work are paid to act as a nucleus and body-guard at public meetings. One of these told a friend of mine that he had no political opinions, but considered himself lucky to have a thoroughly cushy job. Negotiations are said to be in progress (and may by now be completed) for the purchase by one British Fascist group of a theatre in the Notting Hill direction. A theatre is particularly suitable for drilling purposes when the seats have been cleared away. It is about time the sources of British Fascist money were known and an inquiry made into the extent (and legality) of the drilling in progress.

* * *

We are living through a period in which the right of a government to suppress opinion is accepted as an axiom, and so, I suppose, one cannot be surprised to find the Indian Government trying to live up to the ideals of Russia, Mussolini, Hitler, and the Irish Free State. The subjects of Mr. de Valera are not supposed to read anything which the Catholic Church does not like; the subjects of Signor Mussolini are not allowed to read anything which the Fascist Party does not like; the subjects of Herr Hitler are not allowed to read anything which the Nordic-Aryans do not like; the subjects of Comrade Stalin are not allowed to read anything which the Communist Party does not like. And now the subjects of Lord Willingdon are not allowed to read anything which Comrade Stalin and the Communist Party might like. A charming spectacle this of each dictator frantically trying to keep the "dangerous thoughts" of his neighbouring dictator on the other side of the frontier. I have long known that there was a censorship over books in India; its extent and nature are now made clear by a letter from Messrs. Taraporevala, the well-known Indian booksellers, published in *The Publisher and Bookseller*.

Messrs. Taraporevala state that "lately several books on Russia have been found objectionable by Customs authorities and detained by them pending the decision of the Government" and they therefore wrote to the Secretary of the Government of India asking him to let them know from time to time the titles, authors and publishers of banned books. The Secretary replied that the Government of India use two methods of proscribing books. One is the proscription of particular publications under the Post Office Act, the other is proscription under the Sea Customs Act. Under the latter Act the Government of India has issued a general notification "the object of which is to exclude from India all literature calculated to act as propaganda in favour of the objects of the Communist International, which include violent revolution." No particular publication is mentioned and it is left to the Customs authorities to decide whether a book is or is not "calculated to act as propaganda in favour of the Communist International." How many books on Russia will get through the net of this notification and the prejudices of the Anglo-Indian? The Secretary of State, too, coolly asks English publishers to help him in establishing this censorship by submitting to him books which they "consider doubtful" and he will then inform them whether they are or are not "calculated to act as propaganda in favour of the Communist International."

* * *

An Austrian who was revisiting England after some years remarked to me the other day that this country seemed now in a number of small ways much less unlike the Continent that it used to be. It is quite respectable now to go without a hat and with an open collar (I should have thought this summer would have driven even the City to abandon its appalling uniform) and we are beginning to develop the open-air bath and sun-bathing habits which for years have been the most conspicuous of Continental pastimes. Competitive sun-bathing is an admirable and sometimes a comic sport: it becomes comic when you hear elderly people solemnly comparing patches of skin to see who has managed to get the deepest brown. Enterprising contractors are responding quickly to the new fashion and London has now on its outskirts a number of first-class open-air baths. The biggest, I think, is the new one at St. Mary Cray on the arterial road near Orpington, Kent. The pool is modelled on Continental lines; the bath I estimated at something like 200 feet long and 80 feet across. I think a thousand people could bathe at the same time without getting too much in each other's way. There are hundreds of seats for spectators and a well-equipped café. The locker system for clothes is safe and efficient and at night the pool is brilliantly lighted both from above and below the water. The whole show was still going merrily when I left at 11 p.m.

* * *

Two mots from Germany.

A Marxist is anyone who has a job a Nazi wants.

Whenever I hear the word "culture" I reach for my Browning.—A Nazi speaker at a public meeting.

* * *

A correspondent sends me the following notice posted in a Belgian hotel.

Dispositions.

1. The Hotel Direction is only responsible for depositing personally intrusted to the management with acknowledge of receipt.

2. Travellers without luggage are invited to pay anticipately. The traveller who paid not his bill at his departure receives an invitation to pay.

* * *

It is a pity that the elm, which is by far the commonest tree in the English country side, is also by far the most treacherous, but we may console ourselves with the thought that it is not really British.—From an article in the *Daily Mail*.

* * *

Generally speaking, men did not interest Audrey Marshall. Frequently they were caught in the honey of her hair, or lost in the blue of her violet eyes, or held prisoner by the helpless look of her delicate hands.—From a new novel.

Piles.—Herbal treatment. 1s. 9d. Cure certain. Write for proof. Formula received psychically.—*Advert.*

* * *

He quotes Edison as saying that with the poisonous arsenical smoke known as Lewisite, which dissolves the lung tissues so that the sufferer drowns in his own blood, the whole population of London could be choked in three hours. That would be terrible if it happened, although I do not think that it would bring England to her knees.—Major Yeats Brown reviewing *Cry Havoc!* by Beverley Nichols in the *Daily Telegraph*.

* * *

The Millionaire Mind!
What thoughts does it store; brood over?
Where does it find refreshment?
The Millionaire Soul!
How does it react to the world, to mankind, to the hereafter?
A man who has specialised in millionaires, who has known many as intimately as an ordinary mortal may, has written their secrets.
The story will appear in the *Sunday Express* to-morrow.—*Daily Express*.

CRITIC.

BIG FISH AND LITTLE FISH

THE Sea Fishing Industry Bill, which is expected to become law before Parliament adjourns for the summer recess, has attracted less attention than it deserves. There is more than a little constructive statesmanship in it, and it has the merits of brevity and intelligibility. Such obscurities as it contains seem, judging by a certain familiarity of phrasing, to have invaded it, somewhat irrelevantly, from the Agricultural Marketing Bill and may be assumed to represent concessions to the predilections of certain political faddists whom the National Government finds it necessary to placate.

The gist of the Bill—all, in fact, that matters—lies in the first four clauses, the substantive parts of which dovetail into one another to form a logical whole. Major Elliot has explained that the Bill is intended to fulfil two purposes, the one immediate, the other more, though only a little more, remote. The first is to raise the average port price of fish by relieving the market of surplus supplies; the other is to save the young stock in the North Sea and other waters in the vicinity of these islands, and thus to increase the effective productivity of those parts of the sea which supply the market with the best kinds of fish in the best condition.

All of the first four clauses will contribute in some degree to the realisation of the first purpose. Clause 1 permits the regulation of supplies of fish brought from abroad or caught by foreign vessels, and introduces the now familiar mechanism of the quota. Under Clause 2 the landing in the United Kingdom of fish from areas to be specified by Order can be prohibited for such periods as the Order may prescribe. The intention, we are told, is to prevent, during the summer months—when fish is normally most abundant and most perishable—the landing of fish from certain remote grounds where large catches are made of fish which is of indifferent quality at the best of times, and of more than doubtful quality by the time it reaches our ports. Clause 3 enables the appropriate Ministers to determine by Order the dimensions of the mesh of fishing nets so as to allow small fish to escape and grow to a more valuable size. Clause 4 provides for the prohibition of the sale of fish in our markets unless they have attained minimum sizes to be specified by Order. It will be seen that each of these provisions will operate, to begin with, so as to reduce supplies; but, as the effect of the protection of small fish begins to be felt, the last two provisions will result in an actual increase of the supply of good marketable fish.

These two provisions, complementary to one another, give distinction to the Bill. The elaborate provisions of the Agricultural Marketing Bill make quotas depend upon the adoption of hypothetical schemes; the Sea Fishing Industry Bill offers us quotas and a scheme, scientifically founded and far-reaching, alongside of one another. For many years it has been apparent to well-informed observers that certain fishes, especially plaice, soles, haddock and hake, were being fished uneconomically and that, at the present rate of fishing with increasingly destructive engines, the fisheries for these fish

would, in the near future, be for all practical purposes exhausted. Masses of small fish have been and are being captured at stages of life at which many of them have no market value at all and are therefore thrown back into the sea, while others, because they carry so little meat as to be hardly worth cooking, are sold at prices at which it cannot pay to catch them. Scientific investigation has proved that, if the small fish are spared, a large proportion of them will within no more than six to twelve months grow to a size at which they will have a very greatly enhanced value.

By far the most destructive fishing engine of to-day is the steam trawler, and it is appropriate that Great Britain, possessed of a fleet of steam trawlers greater than those of all the rest of Europe combined, should set the example of protection for the small fish. Major Elliot predicts, with a confidence which we hope the event will justify, that in the near future the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea, which has long been studying scientifically the question of over-fishing, will make recommendations which will form the basis of a European convention to make such protection universal. If this prediction is fulfilled and if mesh regulation and size limits for fish do all that is expected of them, the Minister will have justified his claim that he is paving the way for an all-round improvement of the quality of the home fish supply to the benefit of both the catchers and the consumers. The former will get a better price because more of their fish will be of the quality which the home market requires and will pay a fair price for; the latter will get adequate supplies of good fish with no appreciable increase of the retail price. For the gap created by withholding supplies of fish of poor quality from distant grounds and by restricting foreign imports will be filled by increased supplies of better fish from the home grounds.

Critics of the Bill have asked why it should be necessary to have both regulation of the size of the mesh and prohibition of the sale of small fish. If the net lets the small fish escape, it is asked, does it not follow that there will be no undersized fish to sell? Vice versa, if the sale of undersized fish is prohibited, will not the larger mesh soon be adopted as a matter of course, and will not any small fish taken be returned to the sea? The case is not quite so simple as that. The essential provision is the enlarged mesh; the chief aim of the prohibition of sale of small fish is to make it not worth while to evade the mesh regulations. Fish brought from deep water to the surface are injured by the relaxation of the pressure to which they are accustomed, and, if this were not so, the rough usage they undergo as they are dragged along the bottom of the sea and hauled up the side of the trawler is such that most of them arrive on deck either dead or moribund. If they are returned to the sea they become food for gulls and crabs. They must, therefore, be permitted to escape without delay through the net, and this the regulated mesh will do for round fish. Not, however, for plaice, which, being broad and inflexible, are unable to escape through a mesh which will let out a haddock or a hake that is fit for the market. Here the size limit for fish will come usefully into operation by discouraging fishing on the grounds where it is well known that small plaice congregate and there is comparatively little else to catch.

Such, in brief, is the case for the Bill, which has had a remarkably favourable reception both at home and abroad. The promise of restriction of imports has removed the opposition of the home industry to regulations against which their conservative instincts revolt, while the measures which the Government propose to take for the protection of small fish have reconciled our foreign competitors to the restriction of imports. The rest of the Bill calls for little comment. The appointment of another commission to inquire into the fishing industry and trade, so soon after the publication of the report of the recent committee of the Economic Advisory Council, seems superfluous and extravagant. But perhaps it was too much to expect that the fishing industry should escape scot free from the epidemic of commissions which has invaded its strange administrative bedfellow, agriculture.

THE LARK

A YOUTH was about to get off a tram the other day. He had smoked his cigarette to the last inch and wanted to get rid of it. A saloon car drove past and the open window tempted him. He threw the cigarette-butt gaily through the window, hitting the driver in the face with it. To his surprise, the driver got out and took his name and address, explaining incidentally that the car was a police-car. When the youth was brought before the magistrate, he urged in his defence that he had thrown the butt into the car for a lark and that, if he had known that it was a police-car, he would not have done so. He was nevertheless fined, and in my opinion he got off lightly.

It was with considerable indignation that I read this story in the newspapers. I was indignant in the first place, that any human being above the age of four should think it a lark to throw a burning cigarette-butt into a motor car. I was indignant, in the second place, with the young man for his stupidity in telling the truth about his extremely stupid attempt at a joke. Or it might be more accurate to say that I was indignant with him for being so stupid as to think that his explanation excused his offence. What, I wonder, did he imagine that the magistrate thought was the reason for his throwing the butt? It is just conceivable, of course, that a man with an anti-litter mania would do it from a love of tidiness in order to avoid adding to the litter in the street. Or the driver of the car might have been a personal enemy, and the youth might have thrown the butt in his face in a spirit of revenge. There is also the possibility that a young man might throw away a butt without looking where he was throwing it and that it might fall in a passing motor car accidentally. On the whole, however, if we rule out accident as an explanation, most of us would fall back on the opinion that the thing was intended as a lark. That is the most distressing feature of the whole business. For, if it is a lark to throw a butt in the face of a motorist, must it not equally be a lark to throw a butt in the face of a pedestrian? And, if it is a lark to throw a butt in the face of a pedestrian, may it not equally be a lark to throw a butt in the face of a baby in a perambulator? I cannot calculate the number of times my heart sinks for the future of civilisation in the course of a normal day, but it is a long time since it sank lower than when I realised that in the twentieth century, after the cleansing fires of a great war, there was still a human being left who thought it a lark to throw a cigarette-butt into a motor car. I almost wish, for the credit of human nature, that the young man had lied and said that the thing was an accident.

Still more humiliating to human nature was his excuse that he did not know that the car was a police-car and that, if he had known, he would not have thrown the butt into it. This suggests that he honestly believes that a lark, in order to be a real lark, must be a trick played on some one who cannot retaliate. My own view is that a lark, in order to be a real lark, should be a trick played at the larker's risk, and the greater the risk the better the lark. If you are a hat-basher, for instance, it is a much nobler lark to bash the hat of a prize-fighter than to bash the hat of the village idiot. It would show a poor spirit in a young man to bring his fist down on the crown of Carnera's hat and then, on realising the situation, to apologise by explaining that he had mistaken Carnera for a Methodist minister who believed in a literal interpretation of the Sermon of the Mount. Better far is the spirit of those tipsy undergraduates who regard it as a lark to carry off a policeman's helmet. They risk bludgeonings, fines and imprisonment. Their sport is not conspicuously intellectual, but it is honourable. There is here no element of bullying, as there is in so many of the larks of the very young.

I often regret that, when I was a very small boy, I used to think it a lark to take the cap of a still smaller boy and throw it over a garden-hedge so that he would have to go in and retrieve it in fear of dogs and householders. I wish now that

when in the spirit for such jests, I had always snatched the cap from the head of a boy bigger than myself, or that I had seized the hat of some burly, grown-up passer-by and hurled it into the garden. Strange to say, it never occurred to me that it would be a lark to play such a trick on somebody who could have given me a black eye or screwed my arm and compelled me to go and bring back the cap or hat myself. Too much danger takes the fun out of larks for most of us. The bully does not attempt to bully his match except through inadvertence, and larking is a mild form of bullying. It seems to me, however, that there can be no moral defence for larking unless the victim is one's equal or superior in strength. Hence, if it is fun to throw a cigarette-butt into a car, it must be the greatest fun of all to throw it into a police-car. If a " rag " is being organised, it should be on the rooms not of a timid boy but of a Rugby blue. There would be something to be said for bullying and " ragging " if it were always the strongest, instead of the weakest, who were victimised. Yet nobody knowingly plays tricks on the strong. When Mr. Winston Churchill went up behind Mr. Amery at Harrow and pushed him into the pond he honestly believed that he was giving a ducking not to a powerful Senior but to a small boy.

As I fumed and fretted over the conduct of the young man with the cigarette-butt, I kept trying to understand the frame of mind in which anybody could think his action funny. I told myself that his behaviour was the behaviour of a savage, with no sense of humour, for there is surely nothing funny in injuring either human beings or motor cars. And then suddenly, there floated into my mind the vision of Mr. Harold Lloyd standing on the step of a tram and carelessly throwing away a butt which happened to go through the window of a passing motor-car and set fire to the waistcoat of a fat old gentleman snoozing in his sleep. There would perhaps be comedy in the scene even if Mr. Lloyd threw the butt deliberately ; but I can imagine his extracting most fun from the situation if the thing were an accident. Indeed, I have seen a film of Mr. Lloyd's in which a burning cigarette-butt and the injury it did to a stout rich lady made the house roar with laughter. Mr. Lloyd was playing the part of a shop-assistant in a shoe-shop and was trying a number of pairs of shoes on the lady's feet. A careless stranger threw away a burning butt, which fell into a shoe ; and when Mr. Lloyd thrust the lady's foot into the shoe, she leaped up and yelled with pain and anger. Nobody in the audience appeared to feel the slightest sympathy for the unhappy lady. The more she pranced about, the more pleasure everybody got from her pain and astonishment. Now, if it is really funny to see an old lady hopping about with a burning instep, why should it not be legitimate to arrange deliberately that such things should happen ? The comic films are packed with cruelties to human beings ; if these films are so enjoyable, why should we not try to make life as enjoyable as the films ?

It may be that the chief function of comic films is to purify us of cruelty by allowing us to indulge our love of cruelty in a harmless imaginative fashion. Comedy as well as tragedy may have its catharsis, and, when the love of cruelty has exhausted itself comically, it is possible that it will prove less active in ordinary life. It is an undoubted fact that human beings have become less cruel as the cruelties of knock-about films have become more popular. Here we can see people chased by bulldogs, hit over the head, ducked in the water, covered with soot, their breeches set on fire, knocked down by motor-cars, buckets of whitewash spilled over them, with a hundred other accidents, and no living person a penny the worse. It may be that sensational gangster films lead the young to imitate the actions they see depicted on the screen ; but who ever heard of boys who having seen a Laurel and Hardy film tried to re-enact the disastrous Laurel and Hardy episodes in their homes ? I do not believe that such a thing has ever happened. I imagine, therefore, that what is wrong with the young man who threw the cigarette-butt is that he does not go to the cinema often enough. If he had been a film-fan, he would have had his baser nature purged through laughter. He would also have realised that, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to make life anything like so funny as a film by Harold Lloyd. Y. Y.

JUSTIFICATION BY RACE

Thus did I now believe that I must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator ; by fighting against the Jews, I am doing the Lord's work.—Herr Hitler, extract from " Mein Kampf," *Times*, 25th July, 1933.

If Milton seemed officious in his plan
To " justify the ways of God to man,"
He had, at least, one sound excuse to plead ;
God's ways were hard for any man to read
Before His prophet, Hitler, had been sent
To simplify Creation's argument.
With what strange errors were we all misled,
In Hebrew written, or by Hebrews bred !
" Thou shalt not murder "—no, not even by grace
Of field-grey shirtings or of Aryan race ;
" Thou shalt not steal "—with no exception stated
For Jewish wealth by Aryans confiscated :
Such maxims, democratically twined,
Marxians and Jews devised to trick mankind,
Till Heaven vouchsafed us Hitler, to diffuse
God's primary purpose—persecuting Jews.
And even now, alas ! there's no denying
God's ways require a deal of justifying ;
Witness that black " Concordat " made of late,
That links to God's own chosen Aryan State
A so-called Church, whose Pontiff, if you please,
Wears, as his chosen badge, Jew Peter's keys.
When Hitler goes to claim his just reward
For well-filled gaols that glorify the Lord,
Will it not irk him, ere they pass him through,
To have his passport visa'd by a Jew ?
Will it not fret him if his halo's line
Should lack the genuine Swastika design ?
And then the company—since we're sometimes told
Gentile and Jew alike are of the fold,
A mongrel crowd, with never a badge to seek
Save that which marks the merciful and meek.
No ! Heaven needs " purging " ere, on Hitler's plan,
We justify the ways of God to man ;
While even Aryan logic seems to nod
In justifying Hitler's ways to God.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

WAR, PACIFISM, AND SADISM

SIR,—May I be permitted to endorse Mr. Joad's reply to Mr. Gordon Hosking in your last issue ?

Taking it as a whole Mr. Joad's summary of my book on *War, Sadism and Pacifism* was almost generously impartial. An unfortunate distribution of quotation marks credited me with the view that aggressive impulses as a group are easily accessible in the individual ; whereas the fact is that in their primitive form they are extremely difficult of access. Nevertheless, as Mr. Joad made clear, I hold that war impulses must be studied at their *nearest point* of access which lies in the individual. Apart from this and from some uncertainty as to psychoanalytic theories of free-will and determinism, the views presented by Mr. Joad were substantially my own. Mr. Hosking's criticism is therefore a criticism of psychoanalysis, not of Mr. Joad.

By the same token Mr. Joad's comment on the cut-throat belligerency existing amongst psychoanalysts is not on this occasion justified by the facts. Mr. Hosking's views on the atrophy of instinct are alone sufficient to show that he is no psychoanalyst, in the sense in which that term is usually accepted in this country, viz., a " Freudian " analyst. Nevertheless I am interested in Mr. Joad's discovery that even amongst psychologists

belligerency will out. I gather from newspaper reports of a recent Peace Congress that he has made the same discovery about pacifists and has not hesitated to tax them with this delinquency. In other words, Mr. Joad, in the interests of peace, is himself prepared to be belligerent to pacifists. Some more discoveries of this sort and I can foresee Mr. Joad following that Rake's Progress which begins with disinterested reviewing and ends in conversion to psycho-analytic views on war and pacifism.

Concerning Mr. Hosking's arguments, I can merely say that they appear to be based on at any rate some false analogies, that they are sanguine to the point of simplicity, and, finally, that they are not borne out by researches into normal and pathological mental function either in children or in adults. To assume that man's belligerent instincts will atrophy because the ape's tail vanished when it ceased to be needed for tree-climbing, is to confuse the executive organs of an instinct with the instinct itself. The organs adapted to a particular expression of any specific instinct may show change in the direction either of atrophy or of additional complexity; but that fact does not justify the hypothesis of instinct-atrophy. And not only is it the case that some of the gravest mental disorders are due to just those aggressive instincts which, according to Mr. Hosking, are already to a very large degree atrophied, but there is conclusive evidence that unconscious aggressive instincts are still sufficiently active to produce vigorous mental "institutions" in every normal person. This indeed is an aspect of war and pacifism which I emphasised throughout my book, viz., that the energies of pacifism are derived for the most part from precisely those aggressive instincts it is their function to control. Hence, as I said, the uncertainties of war and the instabilities of peace.

I can well imagine that if politicians ever pay attention to the psychological aspects of war they will take to Mr. Hosking's system like ducks to water. His optimistic acceptance of an atrophy theory together with the importance he attaches to the "social instinct" would doubtless induce feelings of well-being in, for example, Mr. Arthur Henderson. Reading the latter's vigorous and, in its own way, reasonable pamphlet on *Labour's Foreign Policy*, with its stress on the official codification of international treaties and its emphasis on salvation by national disarmament, one is almost inclined to despair of the future of the peace movement. If and when his proposals are carried into effect, the onus of subsequent wars will certainly lie heavily on the pacifist. The militarists of the period may indeed have the unique opportunity of going to war as conscientious objectors. EDWARD GLOVER

18 Wimpole Street, W.1.

NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY

SIR,—Mr. Keynes' description of his past economic outlook is a true picture of the average Victorian Free Trader, who believes rightly that this freedom was the cause of our unrivalled expansion of trade. We saw an opening for manufactures, we took it and prospered. But we were neglecting our land. Now we have the world competing with us in manufactures and we are being ousted from our predominance. Meantime, we have greatly increased in numbers and must grow that food which previously was exchanged for our manufactures. If we wish to hasten the restoration of self-sufficiency, we must exclude such goods as we can produce ourselves. This is the present view of the State.

But this restrictive policy means that our people will have to adopt a different mode of life. They must go back from the populous centres on to the land. They must be content with farm work and *petite culture* as are the French, Belgian and German peasantry. The multiplication of the black-coated brigades must cease; manual work must be honoured. It is useless to say the people will be unwilling; compulsion must be resorted to if necessary. Meantime, we must shorten the hours of labour and satisfy the just aspirations of the unemployed.

We should not be in the difficulties we are, if the glamour of higher wages and town life had not drawn our people away from the land. We gave freedom of trade and we gave freedom of movement, but it now appears that the restriction of the latter was more essential even than the former. The inevitable sequel of the decadence of foreign trade is the creation of new communities on the land. For the colossal outpouring of resources to unemployment we have nothing to show as Mr. Keynes says. I have dwelt on this for six months in the press.

All Mr. Keynes's conclusions point to the need of an ever-increasing control of the individual in the interests of the whole. This is now the policy of the United States of America; nor can we escape it. The individualist regime was part of the cosmic order. It is now passing—virtually has passed. The competition it evoked is giving place to combination; combination must give place to disinterested national control, not *per saltum* but by Fabian methods. The vast unearned gains, the excessive profits of trade which support non-producers, must be used for the benefit of the community that creates them in order that the general level of wages may be increased or the burden of national and local expenditure reduced. A. W. CRAMPTON, F.S.I.

2 Lancaster Place, N.W.3.

SIR,—Towards the end of Section V of Mr. J. M. Keynes's article he says that "the new economic modes, towards which we are blundering, are, in the essence of their nature, experiments. We have no clear idea laid up in our minds beforehand of exactly what we want."

It would be interesting to know who are the "we" who have no clear idea. Every week witnesses the steady growth, both in Great Britain and her Colonies, of a group of people who *do* know exactly what they want, and who have a clear idea of the methods by which to attain it.

They want "Economic Democracy" based on a system under which—to quote Major Douglas—"the cash credits of the population of any country shall at any moment be collectively equal to the collective cash prices for consumable goods for sale in that country (irrespective of the cost prices of such goods), and such cash credits shall be cancelled or depreciated only on the purchase or depreciation of goods for consumption," and the technique which they advocate for this purpose lacks nothing in clarity. Captain Rushworth, the leader of the Social Credit Group in the New Zealand Parliament, has declared recently: "Given the chance to apply Social Credit to New Zealand, I will guarantee to establish prosperity within three months, with a shooting party as the penalty for failure. I stake my life on the remedy." Hardly the statement of a man who does not know exactly what he wants, or how to get it. A. W. COLEMAN

"Oakdene," Mundesley, Norfolk.

PUTTING THE SCREW ON

SIR,—No definite instructions such as you cite had, up to last week, been received by my committee to reduce the transitional payment to persons paying less than 5/- rent. But they are already doing it, on their own initiative, with some single men, though not with all. In the cases of single men living in certain of the cheaper lodging-houses in our area, a determination of 14/9, instead of 15/3, is uniformly made. In other cases of single men, where the rent is below 5/-, sometimes the Committee reduce the 15/3 transitional and sometimes they don't. It all depends on who is present and the mood they are in.

But the Ministry has another screw that it puts on us. It examines a number of our transitional cases and those of which it does not approve are returned marked "materially less would be given on out-relief." Our Committee then obediently make a new and "materially less" determination. One such determination, which aroused the ire of headquarters, left three adults 30/3 per week to live on. Being thus rapped over the knuckles, the Committee reduced the determination of 15/3 to 11/-, leaving 26/- per week for the maintenance of these three persons—the reckoning being 10/- for the first and 8/- each for the second and third. When I remonstrated, I was informed by the Chairman of our Area, amid the approving nods of the rest of the Committee, that *it is the general opinion that 8/- per week for the third adult in the family is excessive.*

The italics are definitely mine. L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE

6 Phené Street, S.W.3.

SIR,—You would be doing us all a very real service if you would ascertain (and print the statement) just exactly how much we are saved by the peculiarly nasty piece of meanness to which you call attention.

National Economy may be all very well; but when it takes the form of withholding pennies from the very poor it becomes loathsome. Have the Ministry people any sort of idea what sixpence more or less implies in the more back of the back streets?

It is not for nothing that in these parts the Means Test is known as the *Mean* Test! FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall.

POLICE BOMBING

SIR,—Air-Commodore Chamier tells us that he only respects the opinions of men on the spot. It is therefore to be hoped that he will make careful inquiry into the views of the inhabitants of bombed spots, who have even greater experience of the spot, and in fact are in all three senses more on the spot than those who authorise the bombing of the spot. H. E. BOURNE

The Green, Cotherstone, Yorkshire.

SIR,—Col. Osburn surely exaggerates in his efforts to prove me a humorist. Did I really say that I was thanked? I stated that I was greeted with every sign of pleasure and esteem. Is that so hard to believe? It is really true that one may greet a late enemy in such a spirit, if we think that he has fought fairly for his opinions. I have even enlisted a young Pathan into my own regiment, ten days after a fight and with an unhealed bullet wound in his arm!

Col. Osburn must not trail a red herring across my path. All civilisation is based on legal force. Where society is advanced, it is, in fact, the policeman's baton and sterner methods are unsuitable: in less settled areas it has perforce to be the sword. My claim—and I have had twenty years of experience—is that in certain areas the aeroplane is a more humane and the more efficient "baton" than ground warfare. Does Col. Osburn claim a like experience? J. A. CHAMIER,

Secretary-General, Air Commodore

Air League of the British Empire,

19 Berkeley Street, W.1.

McTAGGART OF CAMBRIDGE

SIR,—I am editing for publication a volume of philosophical papers by the late Dr. John McTaggart Ellis McTaggart of Trinity College, Cambridge, and am unable to trace a MS. entitled "The Empirical Element in Metaphysics." This was the last address he delivered to the Moral Sciences Club at Trinity, in 1923 or 1924.

Might I be permitted to ask of any reader who possesses the MS. or knows what became of it that he kindly communicate with me? S. V. KEELING

University College, W.C.1.

A STUDY CONFERENCE

SIR,—May we bring to the notice of your readers an international study-conference to be held at Thonon (Haute Savoie), on the lake of Geneva, from August 31st—September 3rd? It is under the auspices of the Jeune Republique, one of the most active of the French pacifist organisations, and will study the current dangers to peace and democracy from the aspects of unemployment, wages, disarmament, treaty revision and dictatorships.

Visitors will be able to make contacts with French, Dutch and Spanish peace workers; there will be excursions, and special holiday arrangements for young people starting in Ste. Claude (Jura) on August 2nd, and continuing at Thonon from August 19th to September 5th. Detailed information can be obtained from M. Georges Hoog, 15, rue las Cases, Paris. VII.

GERALD BARRY — S. P. B. MAIS
G. D. H. COLE — W. G. MOORE, M.A., D.Litt.
K. D. COURTNEY — OLGA MARTIN (Mrs. Kingsley
DICKINSON — EDITH M. PYE — Martin)
HAROLD J. LASKI — FITZWATER WRAY (Kukloss)

55 Gower Street, W.C.1.

HOSPITALS' INCOME: STATE GRANTS

SIR,—The writers of a letter on this subject in your issue of July 22nd omit the fact that a direct grant of £500,000 was made in 1921 to the voluntary hospitals and distributed by means of local committees.

With regard to indirect grants, before the passing of the Local Government Act of 1929 75 per cent. of the cost of venereal clinics was found by the State, and the remainder by the local authority, the patient not being asked to contribute at all.

Since the substitution of the block grant for the percentage method, we do not know what amounts are being paid by local authorities to the various hospitals where such clinics are conducted. This applies to other special clinics; tuberculosis as well as V.D. clinics are frequently conducted at hospitals, and not at premises specially provided for the purpose.

STELLA CHURCHILL

STATELESS WOMEN

SIR,—I am very glad to have the assurance of Mr. Barclay Carter that a large number of Roman Catholic women favour equal nationality rights for women. He will agree, however, that this does not necessarily make untrue the statement made to me by the Cabinet Minister I mentioned in my first letter—the present Secretary to the Dominions—to the effect that the opposition of the Dominions to the claim for equal citizenship rights was inspired by Roman Catholic views on the status of women.

I did not, of course, affirm this as something within my own knowledge, for I was not in a position to do so, but I recalled this statement of someone who was certainly in a position to know the facts. What is quite clear is that the Government should now be pressed in Parliament to disclose the grounds upon which the Dominions object to the claim of our women. If such a disclosure is forthcoming we shall then be in a position to judge whether or not what my informant told me was in accordance with the facts. In any case the country is certainly entitled to know (1) why the Dominions are imposing their veto upon this demand of English women, and (2) why they should be permitted to do so. ERNEST THURTLE

49 Lichfield Grove, N.3.

THE MOSCOW TRIAL

SIR,—In reviewing "Wrecking Activities At Power Stations In The Soviet Union," in your last week's number, Mr. Cummings stated that "the trial was being conducted as fairly as any similar trial could be conducted in any country in the world."

Now, a few weeks ago the Riga Correspondent of the *Times* quoted apparently very good evidence to prove that the Soviet courts did not profess to dispense justice as it is understood in England. The first quotation was from *Courts and Justice in the U.S.S.R.*, by N. V. Krylenko, Commissar of Justice of the R.S.F.S.R.

"Every judge must keep himself well informed on questions of State policy and remember that his judicial decisions in particular cases are intended to promote just the prevailing policy of the ruling class and nothing else."

The second quotation was from "the official text-book of *The Basis of Class Justice* used by the law students at the Moscow University."

"Soviet law . . . does not recognise the principle that all persons are equal in the eyes of the law. All decrees of the Soviet Government and all the Soviet laws have from the beginning taken great care to insist on a strict class-line. It would be very naive to afford equality of justice to the toiler and the class-enemy. This would be contrary to the policy of the Soviet Government."

Who is right, Mr. Cummings or the correspondent of the *Times*? E. C. LAMB

117 Maldon Road, Colchester.

SIR,—In his review of the English translation of the Verbatim Report of the Mosow Trial, Mr. Cummings recommends a certain portion of the evidence "to the close attention of the curious reader. It is," he says, "of deep psychological interest; and it brings us at once to the notorious methods employed by the Soviet secret police for extorting confessions from arrested persons." The late Sir John Macdonell in his study of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc in *Historical Trials* describes "the system which was in full operation in all ecclesiastical courts and to some extent adopted in secular courts (in France of the fifteenth century), in which an accused is arrested on suspicion, no precise charges are made, but a case against him is gradually built up by examination repeated at discretion in private." It was a system, he adds, whereby "even when physical torture was not resorted to, the accused was by repeated examination, by threats, by tricks and devices, by false suggestions, by banishing all counsel and friends and by lowering the diet, reduced to a condition in which the prosecutor wrung out of his victim what he desired." In the case of the accused at Moscow there was certainly no lowering of the

diet according to the statements of the prisoners themselves; but, with that exception, there is a distinct parallel and an explanation of "the amazing thing," as Mr. Cummings calls it, "that an innocent man should have written with his own hand a detailed confession directly incriminating many of his own colleagues in an offence punishable by death." HUBERT CARR-GOMM

The Tile House, Blatchington,
Seaford.

TRANSLATING DANTE

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Turner's article on "Translating Dante" contains a number of provocative statements, some of which I find irresistible. In spite of my name, I am not an Italian, and am not therefore in the least annoyed at the suggestion that Dante is the least national of great poets. When, however, Mr. Turner goes on to say that in the thirteenth century Italian was very close to mediæval Latin, I quite fail to understand him. It is a commonplace of philology that there is no "old Italian" in the sense that there is an "old French" or an "old English." That stage must have existed, but has left no records. The grammatical peculiarities that distinguish Italian from Latin were completely developed in the thirteenth century and have made no appreciable progress since. The same must be said, I think, of the vocabulary, and thirteenth-century Italian was no closer to Latin than the Italian of to-day in any sense that has any meaning for a linguist. Perhaps Mr. Turner has in his mind the undoubted fact that many mediæval Latin writers so simplified and modernised their idiom as to give their language something of the air of a modern language. This, however, does not mean that Italian was closer to Latin then than now, but that those writers brought Latin closer not to Italian only but to any modern language. That is another story.

Again, Mr. Turner says "there are five beats in Shelley's line and only four in Dante's." I hesitate to disagree with Mr. Turner, who is a musician, on such a point, but I confess this seems to me rather fanciful. We are in the habit of calling our heroic decasyllable a five-beat verse, having the analogy of iambic metre in our minds. The Italians describe their hendecasyllabic verse in a different way, but I doubt if the different description always corresponds to a real difference. There are not really more beats in

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit

than in

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.

It is possible to make four or three beats of the latter, but quite impossible to make five of the former except by an unnatural accentuation of "dis" and "and." The truth is that you cannot make English sound like Italian by shortening the number of beats, and Dante is, when all is said, untranslatable.

33 Avenue de Miremont, Geneva. C. C. TARELLI

Miscellany

CHICAGO'S "CENTURY OF PROGRESS."

IT is difficult not to be ironical about an exhibition which in the year 1933 takes unto itself the title of "A Century of Progress." When the site of the exhibition is the city of Chicago, famous for its gangsters, racketeering, kidnapping, hold-ups, boot-legging, murder, violence, and corruption, one feels that only a satirist of genius could do justice to the situation. As a matter of fact the growing tendency in the popular mind to regard Chicago and crime as synonymous was one of the factors which caused the exhibition to be held. Some of the leading Chicagoans began to realise that the city was getting a bad name in the world, and decided that an elaborate display of cultural, scientific and economic achievements would be an effective method of combating an undesirable trend of opinion.

It must be said, as a matter of fairness, that Chicago does not by any means deserve to be regarded as a mere centre of criminal activitity. Crime it certainly has on a lavish scale; and violence, racketeering and corrupt politics of the most villainous character. But if the public safety is at a low ebb the welfare of the community is in many other respects at a very high level. Such institutions as the University of Chicago and North-western University, the Chicago Orchestra, the Art Institute, the Field Museum and Aquarium, the magnificent string of parks and forest preserves, and above all the superb lake front, stretching for miles along the heart of the city and presenting a spectacle of unique man-made splendour: these are authentic indications of a very fine spirit of civic pride and genuine cultural achievement.

The Fair has a wonderful situation in the most central portion of the lake front. The site embraces a series of lagoons which add enormously to the beauty and effectiveness of the general impression. The architecture of the principal buildings is remarkably successful. It is original, coherent, exuberant, modern without being grotesque, homogeneous and excellently adapted to its purpose. It provides, in short, a perfect display of exhibitionism. The structures are gaily coloured by day and gorgeously illuminated at night. The lighting of the buildings and grounds is truly remarkable. The Exhibition was opened by a ray of light from Arcturus which had been travelling earthwards since 1893, the date of the last World's Fair. When I protested to an otherwise intelligent lady at the vanity of human beings in presuming to press the stellar universe into the service of puny mortals, I was frigidly rebuked for being anti-American!

The theme of the Exhibition is supposed to be the growth of science during the past century and the dependence of industry on scientific research. But this theme is inadequately expressed for the simple reason that the displays are very largely in the hands of private business undertakings who have bought space in which to exhibit their commercial products and services. Thus in the Electrical Building the Bell Telephone Corporation shows the marvels of modern telephony, while a few yards away the General Electric exhibit demonstrates electric dish-washing machines and other mechanical domestic appliances. Such a scheme of presentation is bound to lack central direction, comprehensiveness, a sense of historical evolution; nor does it reveal the reliance of these commercial end-results on the efforts of the pure scientists who have laid the foundations on which the later applications are based. Some of the exhibitors, particularly government departments, educational institutions and social agencies, have been able to give excellent displays within their own respective spheres; but it is strangely anomalous to pass from the admirable exhibit of the famous Mayo Clinic in which are shown, with vivid skill, the methods of modern surgery and the way in which it has evolved, to a neighbouring stand on which Squibbs tooth paste and other products are advertised in a more or less blatant manner. It would not be easy, one must admit, to give a disinterested picture of Squibbs in the service of humanity through the ages.

The largest and most commanding building is the Hall of Science, where mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, medicine, dentistry and astronomy are "on view." The foreign exhibits are negligible, and are for the most part tourist agencies in disguise. The only country, apart from Canada, listed under the heading of "The British Empire" in the official guide as having a display is the Irish Free State! England is represented by the "Royal Scot"—an exhibit intended perhaps to induce the American public to remain favourably disposed towards Mr. MacDonald.

The most conspicuous weakness of the Exhibition is the emphasis which it lays on physical science as compared with the social sciences. The overwhelming domination of the physical sciences reflects, of course, the outlook of the modern world, in which a great part of our present miseries and difficulties are clearly due to the fact that the community has grasped eagerly at every new method of controlling nature indicated by physicists, chemists, engineers, and biologists while rejecting or ignoring most of the teaching afforded by economists, political scientists, lawyers, psychologists and sociologists as

to the wise ordering of a society which avails itself of these new forces. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, to find only an absurdly small wing of the Electrical Building devoted to the social sciences. Within their restricted scope the social science exhibits are distinctly good. There is one series of finely executed tableaux showing the changes in various aspects of family life which have been wrought during the century; another series shows in similar form the change in the status and conditions of the worker; a third series shows the various phases of the world depression in terms of the changing position and attitude of the capitalist, the worker, the unemployed and the Government. Many of these tableaux are highly imaginative and successfully convey somewhat abstract ideas. A political series showing the relation between the short ballot and political responsibility is of mainly American interest.

The Hall of Religions occupies a large building in a prominent position. Inscribed over the entrance is the phrase "Righteousness Exalteth a Nation." On my first visit there was pasted over this a slip bearing the words "Not open." On my next visit this unfortunate announcement had been removed and I was able to see a large collection of stands displaying the wares of the various religions. An earnest disciple from Utah was handing out an unusually convincing sales talk on Mormonism over a large model of the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City. Most of the exhibits in the Hall of Religions had little discernible connection with religion. A typical exhibit was a large chart in the entrance hall showing "How the dollar is expended by (theological) Degree-granting Institutions." It contained a mass of statistical data comparing the distribution of expenditure in public and private theological seminaries. A strong contrast to the bleak and barren Hall of Religions is presented by a full-size replica of the superb Golden Lama Temple of Jehol copied in perfect detail from the original by Chinese craftsmen and filled with magnificent masterpieces of Chinese art. The exact significance of this Temple in the Century of Progress is not indicated, but it is immensely worth seeing.

The Golden Lama Temple belongs to a class of exhibit which goes by the name of concessions: that is, exhibits for which a special entrance fee must be paid and which are mostly run for profit. It is among these concessions that the care-free pagan visitor can enjoy himself to his heart's delight. The range of these side-shows is enormous. You can inspect a life-like reproduction of a gold mining camp in California in the days of '49. You can clamber all over the "City of New York," the ship in which Admiral Byrd made his great expedition to the South Pole, and see the complete accoutrement which he used on that expedition down to the very sleigh-dogs. You can walk about through half-a-dozen Indian encampments and then witness a fascinating performance of native ceremonial dances given by seven or eight of the best-known Indian tribes. You can see a man climb a ladder eighty feet high, soak his clothes in petrol, ignite himself with a torch, and then dive, a flaming mass, into a small tank of water overlaid with three gallons of lighted petrol. You can watch a Seminole Indian dive naked and unarmed into a swimming bath and master a ten-foot alligator, fighting him both under water and on the surface, and finally landing him safely without ever letting the brute's vicious jaws open even for a second. You can go "aboard" the liner *Paris* and thence into "The Streets of Paris," the gayest and most fashionable place in the entire Fair. Here the Americans, zealously anxious to portray to the folks at home the naughtiness which the French capital provides mainly for English and American tourists, have really let themselves go and produced a quite artistic and spirited reproduction of certain aspects of Parisian life. One feature of this show was the hiring of attractive girls as dance partners at fifteen cents a dance; but this has now been stopped as immoral. (And this in a city in which tea is advertised in terms of sex appeal on the ground that "It quickens the emotions!") You can see an excellent replica of Fort Dearborn, a log stockade originally constructed close to the present site in 1803, the inhabitants of which were massacred by the Indians in 1812, during the war with Great Britain. It is incredible that less than a century and a quarter ago only a few log huts and an Indian settlement occupied the ground where this vast city of Chicago now stands with its four million inhabitants, its skyscrapers, its twelve hundred churches, its stockyards, factories, stores. No city in the history of the world has ever grown so rapidly; and this mushroom-growth explains, even though it may not justify, well-nigh everything that needs explaining about Chicago.

The present Exhibition is indeed a celebration of the incorporation of Chicago as a village in the year 1833, when its population was considerably less than 4,000. It is this fantastic rate of growth which doubtless induces in the promoters of the exhibition that naive optimism that enables them to inform the world, through the medium of the Official Guidebook to the Fair, that "A Century of Progress intends to bring assurance that the steady march of progress has not swerved aside, nor even been seriously retarded, that so-called 'recessions' are temporary, like the cloud that, for the moment, obscures the Sun. History holds the evidence that this is true."

To enjoy the Fair, one must leave one's critical faculty at home. One must enjoy the Belgian village without remembering how near the world once more seems to war and the destruction of such villages. One must admire the little airships scudding round overhead, with passengers aboard, without remembering the unpleasant facts brought to light by the Morgan inquiry. One must be impressed by the beauty of the Federal Building without thought of the hundreds of bankrupt municipal authorities in default on their bonds, the thousands of school teachers clamouring at the city hall for their pay, the mob of farmers in Iowa nearly lynching a judge a month ago for fear he would order foreclosure of their mortgages. One must laugh at the side show in which negroes sitting on perches are made to fall into the water by an ingenious release-catch device whenever a visitor succeeds in hitting a target with a wooden ball—a sort of glorified Aunt Sally—without recalling that this humiliating display appears to be the only exhibit in which coloured people are permitted to have any share whatever.

The Exhibition reveals the characteristics of the American people to a quite remarkable extent. It shows their courage, their optimism, their exuberance, their belief that nothing is impossible and their unlimited confidence in the future. It shows their intense interest in applied science, their outstanding ability in the sphere of engineering, their cleverness in developing mechanical devices. It shows their adoration of power over nature, as something to be admired in itself. It shows the tremendous concentration of their potential artistic ability into the channels of group and commercial enterprises, and the consequent stultification of individual aesthetic effort. It shows the extraordinary extroversion of their minds, and the absence of anything approaching a philosophic outlook. It shows the prevailing insistence on standards and the prevailing absence of values. It shows, above all, that ability to concentrate on the job in hand without regard to the rest of the world which is a key not only to much that has happened in the past ten years but also to much that will happen in the future.

Chicago. WILLIAM A. ROBSON

BABY PROVINCIALS

IT is admirable when a young man with money spends it on presenting to the public the work of young and comparatively unknown artists; therefore I feel sympathetic to Mr. Edward James, who has just presented at the Savoy Theatre *The Ballets of 1933* and finally, last week, a concert of contemporary music. Mention of the ballets has already been made in these columns, although the quite exceptional merit of the young dancer, Tamara Toumanova, has not been sufficiently recognised generally by the press. Unfortunately, the concert of contemporary music had the air of being insufficiently prepared, and one item on the printed programme consisting of "Three

Pieces for Small Orchestra," by Hugh Bedford, orchestrated by Constant Lambert, Walter Leigh and William Walton respectively, was omitted. In its place an instrumental *Beggar's Opera* suite by Kurt Weil was played by a band which included players from well-known London orchestras. The name of the conductor was not given, but I understand he is a German conductor familiar with Kurt Weil's music, and certainly his style of conducting was that of the jazz-band metronomist, made famous and familiar by such popular stars as Paul Whiteman and Duke Ellington. The musical idiom of Kurt Weil's suite derives from this American jazz music, but adds nothing to it, and I find that such music soon becomes boring and reveals its shallowness *if one listens to it*. The majority, I am sure, do not listen to it with any real musical attention, but submit to its lulling monotony with vague pleasure—hence its popularity.

The best jazz music and the best jazz band is the quietest, and my ideal jazz conductor would be he who merely moved his toes and his eyebrows and conducted without a baton. Similarly, the band itself should reduce the sounds it makes to a sort of shadow music, in which the rhythm is felt rather than heard. Only those who have danced to such a band—and there was one in the United States in 1927, the private possession of a retired millionaire, who gave dances to which only a select few who understood and appreciated and could dance were invited—can realise the real virtue of jazz music. The Whitemans, the famous bands of our smart hotels, the touring jazz stars, are all relatively crude and commonplace, and Herr Kurt Weil's suite is no better. This was followed by two Italian songs (Scarlatti and Pergolesi) sung by Fernando Gusso competently but with a lack of style due, perhaps, partly to the corruption of the vulgar and utterly styleless jazz music and jazz-performance which preceded him.

After this there was a more serious attempt at music in "Les Hymnes" by Igor Markevitch, an instrumental suite consisting of a Prelude and Three Hymns, conducted by Mr. Constant Lambert. I found this music—especially the three hymns—distinctly interesting, and such a great relief after the music-hall turns which had preceded it that I may be over-rating it. But at any rate it does offer some musical material for the mind, and as I understand that Igor Markevitch is quite young there is reason to look with interest to his future productions. One must protest, however, on behalf of the composer against the programme note on this piece in which the writer says: "M. Markevitch has ceased to be an infant prodigy and has become recognised as a mature genius carrying on and developing the trend of music in this country on the course first set by Stravinsky." This certainly is not the style of a mature writer and is more suitable to a provincial magazine for girl guides in music than to a programme of a presumably serious concert of contemporary music in London.

Far worse than this, however, is Mr. Edward James's own note on "Mahagonney," music by Kurt Weil, text by Bert Brecht, which was the chief novelty of the evening. "Mahagonney" is a song-suite, written for the "International Festival of Music in Germany in 1927, and it is a witness to the complete demoralisation of a large section of modern society and of the intellectual chaos of our time that this amusing and vivid piece of café chantant music should be taken as a serious contribution to the development of the art of music. I thoroughly enjoyed "Mahagonney," and its admirable execution by Lotte Lenja and her male vocal colleagues; it derives from American jazz, but the author and the composer have really caught and expressed a side of modern cosmopolitan life—the life of the prostitute, the pimp, the gangster, the lounge lizard, the universal underworld of the present-day in which one goes literally as well as metaphorically "to the dogs." The underworld in every age always has an attraction for the artist because to know what is top one must also know what is bottom. But when one really knows this underworld one cannot be sentimental about it, and it seems babyish and provincial to describe the composer of this clever café music as "a Mozart who has absorbed all the tragic sadness of our post-war decade, the disillusion and the sense of slow disintegration, the decaying of our old civilisation."

Are disillusionment and disintegration new experiences in the history of man? Was there not disillusionment and disintegration in the Paris and London of 1850, of 1860, of 1870, of 1880, of 1890—of any period indeed since Paris and London have existed? It is true that each period has its colour and character, and this is what is revealed in certain works of the period and most of all in the ephemeral works of the café, the music-hall, etc., when the bottom of the society of the age is touched and revealed. The drawings of Toulouse Lautrec, the songs (words and music) of Yvette Guilbert, were just as expressive (in my opinion even cleverer and more expressive of the underworld of their age as the words of Bert Brecht and the music of Kurt Weil. It is the very hall-mark of provincialism to compare these ephemeral productions of Kurt Weil such as "Anna Anna" and "Mahagonney" with the music of Mozart.

It might be said that disillusionment and disintegration have gone farther to-day since we can get such café music put forward seriously as the highest productions of artistic genius, but I have little doubt that historical research would provide us with examples of the self-styled intelligentsia making themselves equally ridiculous in the past. However, there is no doubt the London intelligentsia has reached a low ebb of intelligence when anybody can print in a public programme that "already in Paris all types of people, 'low-brow' or 'intellectual' are playing these songs from 'Mahagonney' that have been recorded for the gramophone over and over again till their sound is almost worn dry in its grooves . . . this can never impair or make hackneyed the spiritual quality of the music, which has been judged by many musical critics to have in it something almost akin to the ethereal nobility of Mozart."

I should like to have the names of those "many musical critics." Whoever they are I don't hesitate to describe the remarks I have quoted above as the most babyish nonsense that I have read anywhere during the past fortnight.

W. J. TURNER

FROM "THE SWORDS"

In crimson sash and golden vest
A swift daedalion of the day,
Transfixing with a sworded ray
Its black and melancholy breast—
The tiger-fly, with whirring vans
Rifles a sombre grape, whose heart
Red-glowing to the hilted dart
Seems a lit furnace that he fans:
So to the soured and blackened cares
My blasted vine in Autumn bears,
So horneted with strident wings,
To his own trumpet peal and drum
The toreadoring sylph will come—
And Anger is the sword he brings.

ROY CAMPBELL

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 29th—
Athletics, Great Britain *v.* France, White City.
Wilberforce Centenary Celebrations, Hull.
International Teachers' Conference, Dublin.
Diversity of Dances based on Kallyrhythm, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

MONDAY, July 31st—
Scottsboro Defence Interracial Dance at "The Pindar of Wakefield," 328, Gray's Inn Road, 7. Preceded by Chris Jones on "Scottsboro and Meerut," at 6.

THURSDAY, August 3rd—
Liberal Summer School, Cambridge. Lectures by Professor Barker, J. Passant, J. R. M. Butler, Professor J. S. Haldane, Sir Walter Layton, and Others.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

PROVIDENCE itself watches over the serious weeklies, which are all uncommonly lucky in their literary editors, but the *Spectator*, which is peculiarly and consistently lucky in that department, had the misfortune of losing its literary editor a year ago. Mr. Fleming, who was twenty-four, had seen and been seduced by an Agony Column announcement in the *Times*. "Exploring and sporting expedition, under experienced guidance . . . to explore rivers Central Brazil, if possible ascertain fate Colonel Fawcett; . . . ROOM TWO MORE GUNS." Thus read the advertisement, but directly Mr. Fleming joined it the expedition which might have immortalised itself in a genteel manner by forwarding a stuffed tapir to the Cromwell Road became divided in its purpose. Mr. Fleming, with whom must be reckoned his school-fellow Roger, whom he persuaded to leave the Slade in order to join the expedition, was but little concerned with bagging jaguars and alligators, though he was able to shoot. On one occasion, indeed, he killed a large alligator with a single shot, a crumb of lead from a .22 rook rifle. But the principal, or rather the nominal, object of the expedition was taken seriously by Mr. Fleming, who had become a special correspondent of the *Times*, and he was not at all willing to let the hunt for Colonel Fawcett fizzle out. His account of the expedition, *Brazilian Adventure* (*Cape*, 12*s*. 6*d*.), therefore, gets that essential double interest which is characteristic of all really great books of adventure. We see the explorers fighting at odds with the labyrinthine tangles of Brazilian Custom-house officials, provincial governors, lorry-drivers, boat-owners, and boats' crews. We see them hemmed in by invisible Indians, wading through shoals of man-eating fish, but we watch also the prolonged internecine struggle in the expedition itself as though the younger and livelier of two boa-constrictors had choked the older veteran, or killed him by sheer indigestibility.

* * *

Brazilian Adventure is indeed much the most exciting and enthralling book I have read for many months, and I wish that I could make my incoherence a measure of its thrilling qualities. But before I begin a rhapsody about his achievements, I should do well to say a word or two about Mr. Fleming's character, which I can only judge from what I have read. At the beginning of his book he draws himself, with great cunning, as a "thoroughly nice boy," a charming young Englishman with a true English sense of humour, such a young man as flutters old ladies and excites a patriotic glow of satisfaction among the middle-aged and manly readers of the *Times*. That side of Mr. Fleming's character undoubtedly exists and he eagerly exploits the advantages it gives him. Yet I suspect that his charm is just another weapon in his armoury along with his O.E. tie. In reality he is not that sort of charming boy at all. He is one of the rare men of action, ruthless, invincible, unscrupulous and proud. He is altogether an exceptional creature and much more like a Renaissance Italian, or an Elizabethan Englishman than he is like my own pre-war generation in its hey-day. And still less is he like that post war generation of, let us say, the Waughs. But, being curiously precocious, he learnt at school to disguise himself as "a perfectly delightful fellow." And just as the muscles of the prize-fighter bulge awkwardly through the ill-fitting, shoddy suit, Mr. Fleming's moral qualities bulge through the conventional disguise.

* * *

He set out with a secret code with which he and the *Times* newspaper hoped to defeat rival journalistic interests, and with the members of the expedition armed to the teeth with automatic shot-guns,

> according to our Organiser tests during the war (though it was not quite clear on whom) had proved these weapons to be of unrivalled efficacy in Stopping a Rush at Close Quarters . . . Our last acquisition before leaving England was a quantity of tear-gas bombs. These, as far as I can remember, were thrown overboard before we reached Rio to avoid trouble with the Customs . . . Then there was the question of The Films . . .

And here perhaps I should say that Mr. Fleming has the most delightful sense of humour and that he writes brilliantly.

In Rio they met the leader of their expedition, an American of varied accomplishments whose ineffectual struggle with the author of this book gives it more than half of its dramatic interest. "Every summer visitor has his poison ivy," said O. Henry in describing a fatal passion, and a Higher Purpose seems to have destined poor "Major Pingle" as a victim. The cards were all stacked in his favour to give him confidence at first. Nobody else knew Portuguese, he was elected leader and given possession of the expeditionary funds. But Mr. Fleming drew up a list of their objects to which all subscribed, the first clause of which ran: "The object of this expedition is to ascertain the fate of Colonel Fawcett as far as is humanly possible."

> I did not entertain the possibility that Major Pingle, without consulting us, had virtually abandoned this object. I still believed that he would enable us to put up some sort of a Fawcett-hunt, though it looked as though a shooting trip would have suited his book much better. The situation was complicated by the fact that two members of the expedition had come out mainly for the shooting. To justify our existence as an expedition we had to travel down the Araguaya, up the Tapirapé, and from the Tapirapé as far as we could go across country towards the Kuluene . . .

* * *

But, full of suspicions, Mr. Fleming, like another Bismark, presented a fake telegram to the *Times* for the approval of his leader. Against such methods "Major Pingle" struggled vainly and when brought to bay could do nothing but show himself a swine. After an attempt to forbid the expedition up the Tapirapé, he turned back on the second day. Hopelessly ill-equipped, Mr. Fleming and two of his school-fellows struggled on. After a very friendly "Brush With The Natives" which is enchantingly described, during which they actually rubbed noses, they set off to cross the 150 miles of campo and jungle which separated them from the probable site of Fawcett's bones. After the first day the Indian guides, who were terrified and useless, turned back. Peter and Roger went on with Quieroz,

> a very small and unattractive man, with hardly any neck at all, and a face like a malicious hedgehog. He had only one eye, but his powers of endurance were considerable, and he was the only Brazilian I met who was capable of doing anything in a hurry . . . He had a squeaky, irritating voice, great courage, a regard for accuracy and an almost Teutonic passion for collecting information. Though in the end he let us down over a money matter, I still have a great respect for him. If I thought there were many Brazilians like Quieroz . . . .

In dealing with his leader, Mr. Fleming varied the methods of Bismark with a schoolboy technique which must have been very trying indeed. The intense seriousness of his ambitions were veiled under a sense of parody and he and his friend Roger spoke only of "The Oncoming Savages," of "Creatures Whose Slightest Glance Spelt Death" and of "The Well-known Bark of a Mauser." But, when faced by a naked savage or even by a very alien type of Brazilian, Mr. Fleming shows a delightful and tender sympathy and natural ability to understand different kinds of people. And it was this that enabled him to triumph in the end. After his heroic, thrilling, and useless excursion into the jungle, he and his insurgent companions found themselves marooned on the river bank with a thousand miles to go and nothing but a boat and five pounds in cash to make the journey on. Mr. Fleming's letters and dispatches to his paper had been held up (injudiciously) by his enemy who had also dispatched telegrams to prejudice him in Para. But such methods merely incited him to conquer. Neither the jungle nor the crookedest, dirtiest and most cowardly methods had a chance against one who had triumphed in an English public school.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Marriage in Gotham. By ISHBEL ROSS. *Harper.* 7s. 6d.

The Echoing Man. By SYBIL FOUNTAIN. *Gerald Howe.* 7s. 6d.

The Spring Term is Over. By RICHARD HERON WARD. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Name of Gentleman. By BARBARA WILLARD. *Gerald Howe* 7s. 6d.

New Lives for Old. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Tsantsa. By ISADORE LHEVINNE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

The Cage Bird. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Union Square. By ALBERT HALPER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

There is a distinct, if transient, fascination in good American advertisements, so skilfully do their draughtsmen catch the chic and outline of to-day and express the superficies of contemporary "period consciousness." The Americans do it very much better than we do. So, in *Marriage in Gotham*, does Miss Ishbel Ross. Of Scottish birth, she shows American assurance in rendering interiors by modern decorators, shoes by Perugia, jewels by Tiffany, ski-ing outfits by Sachs, Fifth Avenue. She is really wasted as a novelist:

> Mary was wearing a one-piece black wool frock, simple and belted, with a single silver clasp at the neck. Her coat was also of black wool, a little heavier, with a soft fur collar. . . . Her handbag was plain black suede and her stockings were gun-metal sheer, worn with black calf pumps, low-heeled.

Mary is the daughter of Henrietta Tulloch, a beauty of forty, neglected, on the passionate side, by her husband Hector. She throws herself into an affair with her son's friend Allan, for him divorces Hector, thereby losing caste and Mary's always tepid love. Allan tires of her, she tires of poverty, and finally returns to luxury and Hector. In this, as in almost any other series of events in human life, lies a potentially interesting novel, but it remains unwritten. Miss Ross has a ready descriptive gift, but she has no gift for drawing character: Henrietta, Hector, Allan, Mary, are so many conventionalised figures in a coloured advertisement of scent or cocktail-cabinets. The book is highly readable in exactly the way that well-written magazine articles are readable; wish-fulfilment plays a large part in the enjoyment: all women would like to wear Schiaparelli gowns.

Miss Ross's book has the relaxing effect of a hot bath; Miss Fountain's is astringent. It begins too much like a pastiche of Jane Austen—a tendency favoured by its Austenish plot—but only for a few pages. Madelene, an orphan, lives with her rich, sensible, match-making aunt, her kind but remote uncle, and her kind but uninteresting cousin Julia, in a large country house. She has several suitors (too many for verisimilitude, even allowing for her beauty), and Mrs. Sprig Blount is determined that one of them shall shortly succeed. Quite unready for passion, still devoted only to music, books, day-dreaming, Madelene is driven into marriage with the handsome George, whom she hardly knows. He is the "echoing man." "She had half expected serious discussions, a meeting of the inner Madelene with some inner George." There is no inner George: "he seemed to depend for his very existence on the approval and praise of his fellows." In delicate and agreeable prose Miss Fountain shows how, first through affection and loyalty, then through habit, Madelene bolsters George up, supporting his own insecure view of himself, and how circumstances help her lover finally to detach her. Madelene is just the sort of extremely nice, sensitive woman to have an exaggerated sense of duty, but *could* she have stood George for so long? And could anyone be quite so negative as George? Are human beings and relations not infinitely more complex than Miss Fountain indicates? There is certainly undue simplification here—perhaps Miss Austen's influence has gone deeper than the opening paragraphs; yet it seems rudely ungrateful to quarrel with a fault which makes for balance, coolness, and good sense. Nor do Madelene's troubles leave one unmoved; Miss Fountain does not fear emotion, she controls it. As a portrait of girlhood (and, possibly, of retarded development?) Madelene is memorable. The book is peppered with sympathetic moments justly expressed: "Gone was peace and the unmooring of the happy lonely mind. Mind must be hauled in again and attend to Julia."

If Jane Austen is an influence for order, D. H. Lawrence is responsible for many excursions in the opposite direction. Ideas inseparable from his genius, and productive in him of a few superb novels and many passages of great import, have filtered through and perverted the talent of some otherwise innocuous writers. Mr. Ward's first novel was a lively essay in the Hemingway; now he has deserted Paris studios, innumerable drinks and monosyllabic dialogue for Cambridge University and a great deal of philosophy about the correct balance desirable between thought and impulse, conscious control and unconscious vital force. "The cleverest men in Cambridge," as here described, are a very queer lot: their scorn for Keats and Blake caused Mr. Ward's hero to keep his copies "hidden behind other books . . . and read them when no one was looking," and they publish letters "on the significance of Oscar Wilde's *Sphinx*." Further, they display embossed leather blotters and faience book-ends. I cannot believe that "intellectual Cambridge" has altered so much in the past five years; it seems more likely that Mr. Ward mistook the eminence of those whom he pillories. But whether the article pilloried be genuine or not the result is not an interesting novel: the men are too much mere mouthpieces of the author's creed, or Awful Warnings, and Beatrix, the only woman, is the dull answer to a Nazi's prayer—sexually alert, mentally docile. Despite some violent incidents—a homosexual "intellectual" is ducked by toughs and dies of pneumonia as a result, and the hero's only friend is murdered by a degraded undergraduate-novelist—the impression left by *The Spring Term is Over* is weak. There is some freedom and fertility in the writing, which is, however, marred by the horrible coinage "physicality" and the repeated (and subtly sentimental) use of "a kind of": "a kind of worship," "a kind of peremptory kindness," "a sort of gaiety," "a kind of hopeless energy." This fertility may lead to something better.

Name of Gentleman suffers from its proximity in the reviewer's mind to *The Echoing Man*, for they deal with life and character on much the same scale, quietly; but whereas Miss Fountain has been able to imagine Madelene into independent existence, Oliver and Felix Gentleman make the impression of being propelled by their author in accordance with a well-considered plan. The theme is one which Miss Viola Meynell treated in *Narcissus*: two brothers, first shown us in childhood, starting from the same point and without favour except in so far as character is circumstance, pursue their contrasted courses, never more than a few miles distant from each other, always in some sort interdependent. The pushing, precociously successful hair-dresser Oliver crashes; the inhibited, plodding, "unlucky" ironmonger and shop-assistant Felix achieves some happiness through selflessness. The book, close-knit and unpretentious, fails in that we do not feel *with* either of the brothers; we just observe their ups and downs of fortune. Miss Willard's rather trite comments are partly to blame; but chiefly it is that want of inspiration exemplified in her title, so that Felix's conscientiousness rather than his fraternal devotion is what remains in the mind. But there is an aesthetic standard in the background.

New Lives for Old, stated by the publisher to be by "one of the cleverest of our younger scientists," is for those who like their novels long, leisurely and full of incident and in whom disbelief is readily suspended. It relates the discovery of rejuvenation by hormone, its effect on the world, and particularly on Pilgrim, the elderly scientist who has made the discovery, and on his friend Vanden. These two, rejuvenated, unfortunately for them and us, attach their amorousness to the same very dull girl. The atmosphere of a detective-story, established at the start, never quite vanishes—an atmosphere of pervading improbability in the teeth of realistic detail. Do scientists inform the Prime Minister first of all about their discoveries? And since when have discoveries burst full-grown on the world, unheralded by either a cautious article in the *Lancet*, when the matter is physiological, or a "human" interview in the *Observer*, when it is astronomical? Mr. Wells used to manage these things much more convincingly in his romances. But oddly enough, while the management and machinery of *New Lives for Old* do not suggest a study of Wells the romancer, Wells the novelist is recalled by its satire and psychology: a similar glitter attaches to the portrait of the Premier, a similar sticky quality to the depiction of Alison's relations with Pilgrim and Vanden. The canvas is very large, the persons numerous, the time-span thirty years. It ends with civil war between Fascists and Communists.

A *tsantsa* is the head of an enemy after it has been shrunk to doll size, as is the custom of Jibaro warriors in the jungles of Ecuador. The book thus entitled is an account in the first person of an American gold-prospector's pursuit and capture of a Jibaro maiden, betrothed to a youth of her tribe who is his friend. The

suspense is well sustained, although diluted with too many tribal drinking-bouts, but the final fight between white and Indian is not convincing. The stories in *The Cage Bird* are flat and flabby, not showing Mr. Brett Young at his best. *Union Square* depicts various people living in New York, some barely connected with each other, mostly on the verge of poverty. Several are Communists, and the book ends with a demonstration which is deliberately turned into a riot by the police, as in *Love on the Dole*, recently reviewed in these columns. But Mr. Halper is in no sense a propagandist; his concern is with human nature irrespective of opinion. This objectivity, and his descriptive gift, makes the book extremely interesting; if its diction repels English readers it will be their loss:

> The meal dragged. Once more the girls started gassing, and prodded the talk on, trying to get a real hilarious feeling going, but the men sat there like patient steers, their horns lowered in quiet stolidity.

E. B. C. JONES

THE ROMANTIC AGONY

The Romantic Agony. By MARIO PRAZ. Translated by ANGUS DAVIDSON. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s.*

Mario Praz's study of the Romantic Movement, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson, is a book that many readers will find absorbing, though others it may leave ruffled and perturbed. It is not a book on the growth and genesis of the whole movement. Professor Praz has confined himself to certain aspects of Romantic literature, to a strain that—or so he believes—runs through the work of some of the best-known nineteenth-century novelists and poets, reaching its fullest expression in the work of the *poètes maudits*. Nor will he have it that it was incidental. The strain of "morbid" sensitiveness he has set out to trace must be considered—at least, according to Professor Praz—an essential, a determining part of the Romantic character. Romanticism implies violence to moral standards. In his opening chapter, he quotes at length a poem by Shelley, written round a head of Medusa seen in Florence, remarking that "it amounts almost to a manifesto of the conception of Beauty peculiar to the Romantics":

> Its horror and its beauty are divine.
> Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
> Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
> Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
> The agonies of anguish and of death.

From this poem it is but a short step to *Les Fleurs du Mal*. The beauty of death and decay, of horror and agony, made rapid and memorable inroads on the Romantic consciousness; till we reach the sensual extravagance of *Poems and Ballads*, where sadistic reveries are subordinated to metrical gusto.

Such were the maladies, such the vagaries, of the Romantic Muse. Professor Praz does not intend us to read his book as a study in the pathology of modern literature, but as an essay in literary criticism first and foremost. "The aim of the greater part of this book," he announces in an argumentative introduction, during which he crosses swords with Professor Croce, "is a study of Romantic literature (of which the Decadent Movement of the end of the last century is only a development) under one of its most characteristic aspects, that of erotic sensibility. It is, therefore, a study of certain states of mind and peculiarities of behaviour, which are given a definite direction by various types and themes that recur as insistently as myths engendered in the ferment of the blood." His monograph, he adds, "differs from a medico-scientific treatise in that the recurrence of certain morbid themes in a particular period of literature is not invariably treated as an indication of a psychopathic state in the writers discussed. The genetic link is in this case provided by taste and fashion. . . . Side by side with writers of genuinely specialised sensibility are to be found others who give a mere superficial echo of certain themes. . . . This study has not even a remote connection with the sociological study or the study of collective psychology. . . ." The result is a bulky and digressive volume, equipped with an elaborate appendix to every chapter—sometimes extending over twenty or thirty pages—that suggests the legendary thoroughness of Teutonic scholarship.

But Professor Praz has a Latin sense of direction. Intricate as is the maze of quotation and reference in which he finds it necessary to imprison his subject, his readers are never allowed to lose the clue. Sometimes their path is brightened by a flash of satire; thus, in a chapter entitled *Byzantium*, when he is dealing with Oscar Wilde's *Salome* and its success in the various theatres of Europe, he refers to his own impressions of "the squinting diva," Lydia Borelli, "clothed in nothing but violet and absinthe-green shafts of limelight," on whom old gentlemen enthusiastically focused their opera-glass. Elsewhere, he is the dispassionate and sober critic; perhaps the chief objection to his critical method is that, by assembling so many exemplars great and small—great writers, clever imitators and mere sensationalists—he is apt to obscure the question of their relative magnitude. The really important becomes confounded with the second-rate; a good many of the works which he discusses were, like *Salome* and, to some extent, Huysmans's *A Rebours*, mere exploitations of a prevailing literary mood and have very little intrinsic literary value, while others are largely commercial and pornographic. The companionship of Péladan and Rachilde with Flaubert and Baudelaire, however firmly the difference of stature may be implied, tends to reduce the entire book to a uniform level.

And this, presumably, is what the author meant to avoid. He sees the influence of *The Divine Marquis* who gives his name to the third chapter of the book, of Rousseau and Restif de la Bretonne, circulating, in the manner of insidious drugs, through the imagination of nineteenth-century writers. He describes the re-emergence of medieval Satanism; Evil, conceived as an abstract force, Vice as a kind of religion with its own liturgy, the pleasures of inflicting and suffering pain, were celebrated in a variety of literary guises. Many poets flirted effusively with the idea of Sin; Swinburne, at the instigation of Monckton Milnes, devoured *Justine* and exgurgitated *Anactoria*, thus helping to found the legend of "le sadisme anglais." For, in the nineteenth century, sadism was an English vice. That, at any rate, was the belief of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, of Maupassant, the Goncourts and other Frenchmen, who interested themselves in the oddities of sexual conduct. No work of esoteric pornography was then complete without a sadistic English nobleman, who tortured and ravished little girls in his battlemented chateau on the fringes of London. . . . Certainly, Swinburne's youthful poems, if stripped of the bounding rhythm in which they are clothed, make very queer reading for a foreign audience. Professor Praz, it may be, has treated the sadistic side of Swinburne's inspiration more seriously than an English critic would be prepared to do. Indeed, a vein of unrelenting seriousness—a disposition to treat the tendencies with which he is concerned as separate phenomena rather than as the symptoms of a larger movement—is characteristic of Professor Praz's attitude. He has written, none the less, in *The Romantic Agony*, an exceedingly learned, informative and curious book.

A PACIFIST'S PILGRIMAGE

Cry Havoc! By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If there had been nothing else of interest in this book its devastating exposure of Lord Beaverbrook would make it of first-rate public interest. It is a double exposure, since the masterly letter addressed to him by Sir Norman Angell (printed in Chapter X) is a shattering exposure in itself, while Lord Beaverbrook's plea that he was "too busy" to answer it, after promising to do so, suggests that he is a man who is prepared to use the influence of his newspapers for the passionate propagation of a gospel which he has not thought out and cannot defend. That is the only possible conclusion from this correspondence. A public man may reasonably plead that he is too busy to answer a lengthy letter on a side issue, but we must assume other reasons when, having promised to reply, he fails even to attempt to refute arguments whose validity would mean that his whole political career is a piece of dangerous lunacy. In refusing to meet Sir Norman Angell to discuss these questions Lord Beaverbrook wrote: "I read a book of Angell's not long ago. He says I am a hypocrite. Therefore I say he is a fool. For why? Because, of my many vices, hypocrisy is not in the list. Anybody but a fool would be aware of that fact." Anyone who is bitten by Beaverbrook's type of nationalism should sit down and try to compose an answer to the questions which the "fool" was invited to ask and which the "hypocrite" was too busy to answer.

There are plenty of other reasons for reading Mr. Beverley Nichols's book. It is a sincere attempt by a man, who was conventionally brought up and who has at his finger ends all the technique of Sunday journalism, to investigate and think out the problem of war and peace. He begins his inquiry with the armament firms, visiting their factories (until they shut the door on

him), and reaching the only conclusion possible to a man who awakens to the discovery that there is a great vested interest which stimulates national hatred in order to increase its profits from the sales of the various means by which men can burn, suffocate and eviscerate each other. As a man who would prefer to die in some other way Mr. Nichols then inquires about the plans for defence and discovers that against air attack—which he rightly regards as the form of warfare most worth worrying about now—methods of defence for the mass of the population are practically non-existent. Then he turns to inquire into the methods used to prepare the mind of the young for the war that is being got ready for them. His chapter on the teaching of history in schools is a brilliant bit of satire and his argument with the Commander of the O.T.C. at Marlborough admirably fresh and realistic.

> I asked the Corps Commander :
> "Do the War Office supply you with gas-masks, or do you have to buy them yourselves ? "
> "Gas-masks ? " He looked quite surprised. "We don't have any gas-masks ! Nor any gas training. . . . "
> "And anti-aircraft practice—or whatever you call it—how do you manage about that ? "
> "I don't understand."
> "But surely it's fairly generally admitted that the next war will be decided in the air ? "
> "It is not admitted *here*."
> Rebuked !
> "Then I suppose you still adopt the general principles of *Infantry Training*, as published by the War Office ? "
> "Yes."
> Here I would suggest that every parent who wishes to keep in touch with the world, as his boy is being taught to regard it, should buy this book *Infantry Training*, especially Volume 2. It only costs fifteen pence, but it is worth it. It brings back a vanished age. . . . Anybody who fought in the Boer War would feel thoroughly at home in it. . . .

The discussion proceeds until Mr. Nichols has established that the O.T.C., which is so far compulsory that only half a dozen boys in the school are exempt from it, is subsidised (£1 a boy) by the War Office, which considers O.T.C.s "valuable to provide a reserve of officers in the case of war" : that rifles are lent by the Government and "marksmanship is encouraged, but *nothing in the way of figures, etc., used*." Why, asks Mr. Nichols, if the object is to create a corps of officers, should not the "most gruesomely realistic" figures be used as targets ? "Are the boys learning to shoot partridges ? " Clearly the idea is to train boys in the habits and mentality of war, while carefully disguising from them the rather shocking things which war actually means.

> The object of an army on active service is to kill as many enemy soldiers as possible, in the shortest time, with a minimum expenditure of the tax-payers' money. The object of the O.T.C., therefore, should be to teach boys to kill other boys. If it does not do this it is a mere waste of time.

Here Mr. Nichols is not quite doing justice to the intelligence of those who rule us. From their point of view it is not a waste of time to train boys ignorantly to accept that religion of patriotism of which Mr. Nichols himself writes : "The time has come when it must be definitely admitted that Patriotism is an Evil, in every country," when it "must be recognised as having changed its meaning, and as having lost its sense and its virtue."

After the public school Mr. Nichols proceeds to Geneva and discovers that the trouble is not with the institution of the League but with governments which pervert its purposes and with newspapers whose reporters have orders to lie about it. He then seeks guidance from Major Yeats Brown and Mr. Robert Mennell, who discuss war as representatives of the military and the Quaker points of view, and from Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who have a very illuminating conversation on the question whether peace is possible under capitalism. All this is admirably done, and the book ends with a letter giving a young man some tips about how to stand up to a father who is "utterly furious" because he voted for the Oxford Union resolution refusing "to fight for King and Country."

I have only two criticisms to offer of Mr. Nichols's book. The first is one of substance. Having reached the conclusion that our present economic system is the main root of war as we know it to-day, Mr. Nichols allows Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Cole to argue the question and then leaves it alone. Consequently there is still at the end of the book a doubt about Mr. Nichols's own position. He is sure he would not fight in a national war and that he ought to fight in a genuinely League war, if there can be such. The rest is left vague. The second criticism is of style. The book contains brilliant passages : it is an astonishingly able piece of popularisation. But, I think, even for the Sunday paper public —which is almost the whole public in its Sunday morning mood —Mr. Nichols overdoes the element of apology. He is too careful to prepare our minds for the shocking thing he is going to say ; finding himself in a logical argument he hurriedly pulls himself up to explain that this has been forced upon him, that he does not mean to be a bore. . . . The fact is that Mr. Nichols has a very clear head and is a little surprised to find how violently this question of war has made him think. And having been brought up in a tradition which regards thought as dangerous and which holds that the British public will never listen to an appeal to reason, he is often unnecessarily apologetic about his own force and clarity. He need not be. He should let his brains rip.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE MEDICAL USES OF ANALYSIS

Psycho-analysis and Medicine. A Study of the Wish to Fall Ill. By KARIN STEPHEN, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Psycho-analysis and its Derivatives. By H. CRICHTON-MILLER, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The writings of Freud possess an imaginative, literary character, unlike the writings of most scientists, and in them important views are stated with unusual dogmatism. One of the reasons for his mode of presentation of the basic principles of psychoanalysis is to be looked for in the academic antagonism with which his views were first greeted. He preferred to write for the generally intelligent reader rather than for the medical specialist or the scholar. From the fact that now a thoroughly psychoanalytical book has been published by the Cambridge University Press it would appear that Freud is gaining ground in his battle against academic prejudice. Yet students of psychoanalysis, engaged in investigating the mental phenomena to which Freud has drawn attention, are in danger of being entangled in a web of verbal distinctions derived from the original imaginative metaphors and dogmatic working hypotheses. All those desirous of avoiding such pitfalls will welcome the publication of Dr. Stephen's series of essays on psychoanalysis in medicine and they will be encouraged by the directness of her approach to the subject.

Dr. Stephen's general method is to take some of the least complicated of Freud's hypotheses and, using the minimum of technical terms, to examine to what extent they are adequate to describe mental illness. One would have expected, knowing the authoress to be such an accomplished philosopher, that metaphysical questions would occupy a prominent place in this book : but, while we see that the lectures are written in a style which is reminiscent of that of the best contemporary Cambridge philosophers, the reader will perhaps be relieved to find that metapsychology, which is the name coined for psychoanalytical metaphysics, plays only a very small part—in fact, what there is of it is relegated to Chapter VII towards the end of the book. The problem of the biological meaning of anxiety is here touched upon. In the present state of our knowledge such propositions as that "anxiety might arise from the damming up of any instinct —food-hunger, for instance" cannot be taken to be statements of fact, but Dr. Stephen pilots us competently through these winding channels of theory without actually grounding anywhere, and she never takes us into very deep water. The avoidance of metaphysical discussion generally does not prevent the authoress from indulging in some spirited dialectical passages such as occur in her defence of the methodology of psychoanalytical investigations.

"The natural reaction," writes Dr. Stephen, "to first acquaintance with these explanations seems universally to be one of repudiation on the ground that they are repugnant to common sense. Perhaps they are. But common sense is not the final court of appeal in scientific matters. There was a time when common sense energetically denied the suggestion that the earth is not flat."

No attempt is made to record the historical order of Freud's discoveries, nor to discuss his way of modifying hypotheses in later works, because we are only concerned with the value of certain hypotheses in dealing with facts. This viewpoint makes the book very readable both for those who are unacquainted with psychoanalysis and also for those who have long-standing intimacy with the subject. The discussions are illustrated by some excellent

medico-psychological anecdotes, such as the story of the man who kept on repeating to himself the phrase "Sussex gorse." The book is a first-rate introduction to the subject and, as Dr. Ernest Jones remarks in the preface, it would be hard to think of a better one.

In *Psycho-analysis and its Derivatives*, Dr. Crichton-Miller sets out to give an exposition of not only Freudian psychoanalysis but of other schools of thought, including the analytical psychology of Jung and the individual psychology of Adler. Of necessity a great deal of the subject of Freud's contributions to psychology are dealt with only superficially, for the compass of the book is small. It is clear, from the perusal of Dr. Crichton-Miller's introduction, that this book, no less than Dr. Stephen's, is an indication that Freud's battle against social prejudice is tending towards success. For is not Freud here compared to Newton awaiting an Einstein? The scope of this volume is more, one would suppose, for students taking an examination than for a serious research worker in mental disease. Practically every theory that Freud has, at one time or another, expounded is mentioned and the developments of Freud's views are carefully pointed out. There is, however, far too much preoccupation with questions of dogma, and few people would gather from reading the book that the various psychological theories propounded by different writers were genuinely intended to describe mental phenomena and were not simply religious beliefs. This impression is strengthened by such remarks as the following, which concerns Adlerian technique. "No attempt is made to establish a transference in anything like the Freudian sense." The writer of this sentence must be entirely out of touch with the attitude necessary for scientific investigation. Transference is not "established" like a religious observance; it is a mental phenomenon already present in all personal contacts which Freud was the first to describe. Its analysis was found to have therapeutic value.

The book is entertaining to read, largely owing to extensive, well-chosen quotations from accepted authorities on the various schools of thought—such as Jones, Rickman, Hart, Crookshank, and many others, including the originators of the theories.

L. S. PENROSE

HITLERISM

Hitler as Frankenstein. By JOHANNES STEEL. With a Foreword by HAROLD J. LASKI. *Wishart.* 5s.

There is, I fear, a growing tendency among the ignorant and open-minded English to think that "there must be something in it after all," and I am not at all sure that Mr. Steel's is the most efficacious method of making it clear that there is in Hitlerism little but hysteria and a ruthless class terrorism. The greatest difficulty of those who fight against Nazi intrigue and propaganda is that it is constantly impossible to use one's information or to refer to its sources without risking their victimisation. It has long been common knowledge that the Hitler movement has been anxiously financed by big German industrialists like Kirdorf and Fritz Thyssen, especially since the Socialist gains in the 1928 election. The contribution made by foreign capitalists is more difficult to define. As Professor Laski implies in his foreword, it is important that Ford should be publicly faced with the indictment that he has been a great promoter of Hitlerism, even if chapter and verse cannot be cited, and it is important that the suspicion which well-informed people feel about Deterding's activities should be aired. As a matter of fact the Nazi Government has rather tripped up over the conflict between the German-Soviet military alliance, and Deterding's push for oil concessions at the expense of Derop, in the Russian Ukraine. But if Mr. Steel's book has the result of forcing people to clear up this problem of the financial influences behind Hitlerism it will have served a valuable purpose. But Mr. Steel is guilty of one or two actual mis-statements which, however correct the main impression he seeks to convey, will play into the hands of the enemy. He says, for instance, that Jews are only allowed to take £15 out of Germany; this, in the case of Palestine immigrants, is not true; the German Government is allowing Jews to take the £1,000 upon which the British authorities insist. Mr. Steel's vigorous simplicity in attack may be more popular than the delicate irony of the *Times* when, last Saturday, for instance, it referred to Captain Göring's loyalty to "the leader" as being "as undoubted as his personality and activities are picturesque." But I believe the meticulous accuracy of the *Times* dispatches from Berlin are at least as valuable as Mr. Steel's aggressions.

Further, to concentrate upon the criminal aspect of Hitlerism—which is admittedly the object of this book—over-simplifies the whole problem almost out of reality. It would not be nearly so difficult to fight Hitlerism were it not that Adolf Hitler is admitted by level-headed critics to be, in his silly, hysterical way, a sincere demagogue with some decent feelings and not an out-and-out blackguard. One or two of his most valued advisers, such as Rudolf Hess, moreover, are not to be despised, and cannot be dismissed as active criminals or lunatics.

In the main, however, Mr. Steel's thesis is painfully correct. The more one studies Nazi Germany, the more clearly one sees that it is based on a ruthless and degrading terrorism, that it has no economic programme, and that it is aiming at war. These characteristics are inseparable. The economic programme is an experiment in bluff. The great labour schemes so hotly advertised consist in providing fictitious credits (whose chief backing is the frozen foreign money in Germany) for a great road-building programme; a certain amount of railway development is also involved. These projects cannot be carried through in self-sufficiency because of the tar required for the roads. The roads are not really needed except perhaps for military purposes. The unemployed will be put on to them as labour conscripts. This invariably means that they will spend several hours a day in military drill. In various parts of the country, gangs of labour conscripts are busy digging dykes and ditches, but already there are indications that Penelope's tricks are not forgotten. This sort of thing does not necessarily spell instability for the existing regime, but it does mean that, at a time when there are faint signs of a general economic improvement, the Nazi Government of Germany, while fulfilling the pledge to provide bread and work, will actually reduce Germany to a much lower standard of living; there will be less bread and more unproductive work.

For those who wish to study the less spectacular forms of terrorism there is the most abundant material in Germany to-day. A typical example is this: a poor inn-keeper ventured after about six months to ask a Nazi chauffeur to pay his bill, which amounted to twenty-six marks. The immediate result was a visit from the Storm Troop to which the chauffeur belonged (about twenty people are told off to small jobs like this) and the inn-keeper was thrashed senseless. I have the story from eye-witnesses. Terrorism, militarism and education have now become almost synonymous. Last term was moving-up term; the boys who were too stupid to earn promotion received it just the same if they were members of the *Hitler-Jugend*. The new history books blame the villain Stresemann not only for the iniquities of Locarno but also for those of Versailles. I heard the other day of a history lesson about Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa in which the story was so told that all the children joined in with shouts of "Dirty Austrian swine!" and so on.

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

One of the gloomy features of the German situation is that while most Germans do not know that such indictments as Mr. Steel's are possible many would shrug their shoulders. One often hears well-informed people say, "After all the Nazis had plenty of provocation from Communists, and if Göring did burn the Reichstag in March and fake the aeroplane attack in June, what does that matter?—it succeeded. And anyway," they invariably conclude, "it is none of your business. Your objections only strengthen Hitler's hold." To this let us answer with Dr. Eddy, "It is the business of all humanity." E.

GORKI'S LATEST NOVEL

Other Fires. By MAXIM GORKI. Translated by ALEXANDER BAKSHY. *Appleton.* 10s. 6d.

Gorki has never been a lover of the intellectual type; his *forte* has been the portrayal of the common folk. He has in that always differed from his more famous contemporaries, such as Turgenev and Dostoevsky with their restless characters that will not or cannot fit into their places in Russian life. Perhaps it is because he has always been himself so much closer to the simple people than they, perhaps it is because he is not really, as the text-books would pretend, a rebel at heart—any more than Tchehov was; he was never bitten, that is to say, by the individualist bug. As I read through this, the third volume of his trilogy dealing with Clim Samghin the revolutionary, I copied out at random six or a dozen pungent remarks that appeared to be interesting for their own sake. Now as I glance over them I find they all succeed, either directly or indirectly, at the expense of the intelligentsia. As for example:

> The lack of the feel of history in its judgments is the general vice of the intelligentsia; it speaks and writes of history without feeling it.
>
> The tradition of writing about the humiliated and insulted has died out (a tilt against Dostoevsky)—the insulted having shown themselves in not too sympathetic a light—*even in a fighting mood.* (This is mordant.)
>
> The intelligentsia does not know the spiritual life of the people; it seeks in them only the reflection of its own materialistic beliefs.

But when the people come to the top the man of the people can no longer withhold his criticism. They, in turn, must have their own intelligentsia. So we get Gorki writing a trilogy about the 1905 uprising with the masses taking the place that the lords and the princes took in the Elizabethan chronicle plays, i.e., the foreground. The first volume was published as *Bystander*, the second as *The Magnet*; this is the third. Through the crowds, the barricades, the holds-up, the assassinations, and all the rest of the usual machinery of revolution moves Clim Samghin, finding it more and more difficult to place himself—maybe because, like Bazarov in *Fathers and Children*, he was always "only just on the threshold of the future." His wife does not aid him, nor his mistress, Duniasha, and when he comes to the magnetic lady, Marina, and finds her opening up to him a peaceful world of acceptance of all that Russia is, deformed or ruthless or chaotic, he finds her out, too; a woman of a weird, unsatisfying, almost vulgar religious sect, and he leaves her and Russia, having achieved nothing for himself or his people. Doubtless we may see him again.

And we must, if this trilogy, fine as it is in its details, active, varied, interesting for its pictures of the common folk, is not in the end to prove unsatisfying. For the criticism is not even implicit. A man who has lost hold of old principles and failed to establish new ones is merely the beginning of a novel; if he does not in the end arrive, the travelling is, however interesting, inconsequential.

This is very strange indeed, and the more one thinks of it the more puzzled one becomes. Is Gorki at the age of sixty-five coming to the position of Turgenev, who in 1860 invented and defined the word Nihilist as "a man who regards everything from the point of view of a critic"? It is difficult to believe that, and yet this book of his is Nihilistic in its aimlessness. It accepts little, hopes much, proves nothing. Turgenev, on the other hand, accepted everything though he believed in nothing; and, therefore, though he, too, proved nothing he created much. Clearly it is better to accept than to believe—the doctrine of the pure artist. The fact seems to be that Gorki loves the people so much that he will not put an idol above them. They are his heroes, they and their faith. It will not suffice for a novelist. Even a Communist must have his hero and the hero must be flesh and blood, and he must arrive whether to success or disaster. Finally, it does not seem as if the Communist atmosphere is kind to novelists of Gorki's type who *will not*—he has few companions in European literature in that—either romanticise or brutalise the lives of the poor.

For all that this is a novel to read and keep. It is one of Gorki's warmest tributes to his kind. SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

TOLD WITH GUSTO

More From a Lawyer's Notebook. ANONYMOUS. *Secker.* 5s.

The attraction of scraps, of morsels left after the feast is over, is known to everyone who has ever given a big party. Smoked salmon sandwiches, paté, a spilliken castle of pretzels, olives, salted almonds, a bottle of sherry none the worse for being open all night and a bottle of fizz all the better for being a little on the flat rather than the gassy side. But apart from the greediness with which one samples them, the comparison is not a good one, for the scraps given us here are not the fare which has been rejected or left on the plate, but those morsels which have been most savoured and the memory of which still lingers about the palate. There are good stories, told with gusto, and there are serious opinions, those of a man who would have been happier as the friend of Wilkes and Sheridan. Instead of that he has had to put up with the friendship of men living to-day—but in the reminiscences he curses the age, and never the men. There is hardly anyone who will not be irritated by some of the pages of this notebook, but almost everyone will find a medicinal value for his spirit in others. For here we see the modern world criticised by a man of a vanished type, but a man of singularly few prejudices. And now to filch one of his stories:

"A friend of mine once spoke to a don of an Oxford College from which an undergraduate was being carried in his coffin. My friend made some commonplace remark about the tragedy of the occasion on which the don remarked: 'Yes, it is no doubt sad, but in any case the poor fellow would have had to leave the College, for he had twice failed in pass moderations.'"

This volume is well up to the standard of the first; they are perfect bedside volumes. D. G.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Official Russia

Wrecking Activities

at Power Stations in the Soviet Union

Official Verbatim Report of the Moscow Trial 10s. 6d.

"More significant than most official documents and more thrilling than any thriller." *Daily Herald.*

"An historical document of some importance." *Week-end Review.*

Summary of the Fulfilment of the First Five-Year Plan

for the Development of the National Economy of the U.S.S.R. Cloth 7s. 6d., Paper 5s.

This is the Report of the State Planning Commission of the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R. It provides factual and statistical material on all aspects of the plan showing the fulfilment of the first Five-Year Plan (1928-29 to 1932-33) in the course of four and a quarter years.

Museum Street, London, W.C.1

How many days will you save BY AIR MAIL?

IF YOUR LETTER is going, say, to British East Africa, you may save as many as twenty-four days by using the Air Mail; and the rate is only 7d. for a half-ounce letter or 3d. for a postcard. To less distant parts the saving may be only a few days—but what a world of difference that may make to the conduct of your affairs!

Are you properly acquainted with this significant development of Post Office service? Are you taking advantage of this great speeding-up of your business or private letters for abroad? The inquiry form below will bring you full particulars of time saved and rates for all countries reached by Air Mail. Meanwhile a few examples are quoted.

DESTINATION OF LETTER	TIME SAVED BY AIR MAIL
NAIROBI	11½ to 23½ days
JOHANNESBURG	8½ days
KHARTOUM	6½ to 7½ days
DELHI	8½ days
CALCUTTA	7 days
BAGHDAD	3 to 4 days

Time flies—*but so does the*

AIR MAIL

15/29-7-33

INQUIRY FORM

To the Secretary, General Post Office, London. Please send me the latest Air Mail leaflet and a book of Air Mail labels

Name.....

Address.....

(You need not stamp your envelope)

SHORTER NOTICES

Days in Dickensland. By WALTER DEXTER. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

There is a persistent and agreeable illusion that we can visit if we will the worlds of the master artists, or rather that we could were it not for the changes that time and fashion have wrought upon them. But one brief glance at Mr. Dexter's *Dickensland* and the illusion is shattered. We may, if we please, visit the Grays Inn that Dickens knew. Little if anything is changed. We shall find it pleasant and comely. But in *Dickensland* it is neither, nothing, indeed, but "ugly tile-topped tenements:" In *Dickensland* Temple Bar is one day "a noble monument of architecture" on another a "leaden-headed old obstruction." Architectural beauty of surroundings went for little with Dickens, unless they happened to be the background of people he loved or had happy associations. He cared nothing for things, he was solely interested in people, and it is the charm of Mr. Dexter's ramble through the London and the Kent that Dickens knew that he takes the novelist with him, and makes Dickens himself the cicerone of the tour, so that, following the actual geography and reconstructing the features that have vanished, we also see that world imaginatively, emotionally, and dramatically as the great magician saw it when he wove it into the fabric of his immortal tales.

The Death of Materialism. By WHATELY CARINGTON (W. WHATELY SMITH). *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.

In the course of his whole-hearted, spirited and immensely amusing attack on the philosophical materialist—defined as one who believes that the substantial objects of the physical world, which he can touch and see, or at any rate detect with suitable instruments, are alone "really real"—Mr. Whately Smith takes Professor Hogben's *Nature of Living Matter* as a kind of target for the purposes of the discussion. Needless to say he has things practically all his own way. If materialism as represented by Professor Hogben can be killed then it is as dead as mutton; but as it happens to be the workaday faith of everyone, including Mr. Whately Smith, it remains and probably always will remain a very lively corpse. Professor Hogben's mechanistic biological interpretation of living matter (extended even to the phenomenon which Mr. Whately Smith calls consciousness, and physiological psychology believes to be concourse of conditioned reflexes) is likely to be progressively useful, even though its philosophic fallacies be as patent as they are here demonstrated to be. We can only hope that Mr. Whately Smith's philosophy will be equally useful. The second half of the discussion, in which the author's own theories of consciousness are elaborated in the light of relativity, the quantum theory and telepathy, is quite as interesting if not as entertaining as the more militant opening.

My American Friends. By L. P. JACKS. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

The Editor of the *Hibbert Journal* has added to an already extensive knowledge of the United States by making a long tour on behalf of the National Recreation Association. Dr. Jacks brings out the fact that certain of the States—e.g., Oklahoma—commonly thought of as homes of the "hicks," are among the most enterprising in meeting the needs of a population with more and more time on its hands. An interesting defence of American standardisation is another feature of this shrewd and kindly little book.

PHILIP ALLAN

THE

FISHERMAN'S VADE MECUM

By G. W. Maunsell

H.D.T. in THE FIELD. "Should find a place in every fishing library. Nothing of so compendious a nature in regard to fishing lore and practice has been published before."

EVERYMAN. "A work of supreme excellence and importance."

SUNDAY DISPATCH. "As necessary to trout and salmon wallahs as a rod."

GAME AND GUN. "It will be for all time the angler's book of reference."

JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY. "Packed with valuable first-hand advice . . . can be thoroughly recommended."

SHOOTING TIMES. "Amazingly complete . . . every probable query whether simple or advanced finds an answer."

Fscp 8vo. *Illustrated* 486 *Pages*
Cloth 12/6 *net* *Leather* 17/6 *net*

GT. RUSSELL ST. LONDON

About Motoring

A RETURN TO THE SPEED LIMIT—THE OXFORD INNOVATION

OXFORD is the first city to be granted a speed limit under the Road Traffic Act. The limit is set at thirty miles an hour, and timorous people all over England will doubtless begin to agitate for similar limits. We should therefore be wise to analyse the position and estimate the precise benefits derived from such changes in local regulations.

On the question of speed limits in the broadest sense I am an unrepentant fast driver. Approximately half a million miles of motoring lie behind me, including vast tracks of Europe; and over the whole of this distance I have usually driven as fast as seemed safe and considerate, though other cars perpetually pass me along sections of road which I consider unsuitable for the speeds selected by average drivers. What difference has the abolition of the British speed limit made to my driving? Precisely one difference. Prior to the abolition of the limit I occasionally sighted a policeman out in open country where any speed was safe; and if I chanced to be travelling at a speed over thirty miles an hour, prudence suggested that I should instantly slow down a little at the sight of the man in blue. With this single exception the abolition of the speed limit has made absolutely no difference to my personal driving methods, which were always based on safety and consideration as master guides, coupled with a personal inclination to fast driving when circumstances gave one a free hand. Most of my intimate friends are tolerably expert drivers, and their testimony agrees with mine. Since the national speed limit was suspended they have driven precisely as they drove under the old speed limit. Neither they nor I care two hoots whether a national speed limit is reimposed or not. Its existence or non-existence does not affect us either way. Where speed is safe and considerate, and we find ourselves in the mood for speed, we drive fast. Where speed is dangerous, we slow down to a gait decided by common sense, a gait frequently far lower than the law ever required of us. Where speed is inconsiderate though safe (for example, through a sleeping town at night, or over swimming roads with pedestrians within splash range on a sidewalk), we again slow down. Under a regime of speed limits we should keep an eye cocked for police on open roads. Otherwise, we are indifferent to the whole matter.

It remains to consider the attitude of the authorities and of other types of driver. Personally, I think the authorities are misguided in a return to the speed-limit policy. It is far more difficult to prove that a car is travelling at a given speed than to prove its driver guilty of reckless or dangerous or careless driving. Convictions for dangerous driving should in most cases be easier to procure, cost less money, and put the police to less trouble than convictions for a set speed.

The effect on the ordinary driver is less easy to estimate and will vary with the locality. I know Oxford well and often drive through it from all points of the compass. The centre of the city, especially in term-time, and at certain hours of the day, confronts a motorist with driving problems as thorny as any city in the world can present. For this reason astute motorists sidestep as much of it as possible. But right out to the confines of the city boundaries along all its exits the conditions are so obviously dangerous that high speed by day is extremely seldom practised. Occasionally, no doubt, the outer sections of the Banbury, Woodstock, Abingdon, and Cumnor roads are sufficiently clear of traffic for a car to touch forty in brief patches; but I doubt if I have ever

5s. net

HITLER AS FRANKENSTEIN

by Johannes Steel

A Foreword by HAROLD J. LASKI

This book, by a German who, because he knew too many Nazi secrets, was forced to flee the country when they came into power, explains the rapid rise of the Party, its methods of obtaining funds, the characters of its leaders, its philosophy of terrorism and repression. It supplies the answer to the question, "Can Hitler control the monster he has created?"

WISHART

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. IV. No. 8.

THE LIMITATIONS OF SPECULATIVE THOUGHT	EDMOND HOLMES
PSYCHOLOGY: INDIAN AND WESTERN	A. R. ORAGE
THE DISCOVERER OF OXYGEN	DR. DOROTHY TURNER
THE HOLY MEN OF HINDUSTAN	PAUL BRUNTON
WORLD LEADERSHIP IN A SCIENTIFIC AGE	R. C. COLLIN SMITH
TWO ENGLISH ALCHEMISTS: GEORGE RIPLEY and THOMAS NORTON	E. J. HOLMYARD
A NOVELIST WITH A MESSAGE	GEOFFREY WEST
RED PHILOSOPHY AND RED POLITICS I.	HUGH DE SELINCOURT
II.	C. DELISLE BURNS

Reviews: Hadland Davis, F. McEachran, Christmas Humphreys, Gerald Druce, K. S. Shelvankar, and others.

Correspondence, etc.

Annual Subscription £1 Half-Yearly 10/- Single Copies 2/- post free.

20, GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

BUMPUS

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAYS

The newest books, multitudes of cheap editions, books about the places you will visit—no holiday is complete without books, and the best can be chosen easily at Bumpus's.

FIRST EDITIONS

A new catalogue of First Editions of Contemporary Authors is now ready, and will be sent on application.

BRITAIN IN BOOKS

A literary and topographical survey of Great Britain, with posters photographs and all kinds of maps and guide-books.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY

An Exhibition showing the history and achievements of the Ordnance Survey, from 1791 to the present day.

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD.

BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

350, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

BOOKS

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world costs 30s. 0d. for one year, 15s. 0d. for six months, 7s. 6d. for three months, all post free, and should be addressed to the Manager, N. S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

holiday reading

WILLA MUIR'S

MRS. RITCHIE

"A remarkable and memorable book." Gerald Gould in the Observer. "Its power and truth rise steadily, remorselessly. A remarkable book." George Gordon in Book Society News. "Beautifully done. A most attractive piece of work." Ralph Straus in The Sunday Times. "A serious novel, disciplined, unsensational, without any unworthy concessions." Spectator. 7s. 6d.

ERNST LOTHAR'S

LITTLE FRIEND

"It would be difficult in the fiction of this generation to find a truer child story than this." Glasgow Herald. "A beautiful story." Star. "Herr Lothar has written the 'All Quiet' of childhood." Spectator. 7s. 6d.

PHYLLIS PAUL'S

WE ARE SPOILED

"A first novel of haunting beauty." Everyman. "Lit with lovely flashes of word and phrase." Evening News. "Glittering with intimations of a strange and personal beauty." Times Literary Supplement. 7s. 6d.

G. E. TREVELYAN'S

HOT-HOUSE

The new novel by the author of "Appius and Virginia," a first novel which had a remarkable critical reception when it was published a year ago. 7s. 6d.

ANONYMOUS

MORE FROM A LAWYER'S NOTEBOOK

"Should be as popular as its predecessor." Time and Tide. "An excellent companion for the odd moments of life." Evening Standard. Uniform with "A Lawyer's Notebook" (3rd printing). 5s.

SECKER

reached forty miles an hour within the city boundaries. In fact, the new speed limit of thirty miles an hour will in no sense cramp my style when I next thread the city. I know its perils so well that I automatically slow right down when I enter its boundaries and drive sedately until I clear its farther side. My friends agree. I should estimate, therefore, that the sole effect of this new speed limit in Oxford will be to steady traffic a trifle in the quiet hours, and especially at night. This steadying effect will deter private cars only, for thirty miles an hour was always the legal limit for the heavy stuff—industrial lorries and the like.

Possibly until this limit was imposed a certain number of private cars roared along the Banbury, Woodstock, Iffley, Cumnor, and Abingdon roads late at night, touching speeds of forty miles an hour or even more, and they will henceforward evince better manners. I doubt if the city will secure any other benefit from its new privileges. This particular benefit could be conferred on all populous places from Sleepy Hollow to Park Lane by a far simpler stroke of the pen. The Ministry of Transport annexed enormous powers under the Road Traffic Act. It can easily make it a penal offence for a motorist to create an unnecessary racket in any street during the night, irrespective of his absolute speed or of any danger to the public. This would be a simpler and more efficient method of securing the advantages sought by a local speed limit.

Psychology is seldom given its due weight by local authorities in controlling their motor traffic. There is no town of England where motors are better controlled than in Brighton, yet Brighton has no speed limit, launches very few prosecutions, and grapples with an immense volume of rather lighthearted motoring. The Brighton police stand no nonsense, yet they are never vindictive or bullying. They stop any lively motorist, and give him a polite yet significant admonition, which he remembers on his next visit, and of which he speaks to his friends. They see that their coaches and lorries behave themselves. They pounce heavily on infrequent cases of atrocious misconduct. Their methods deserve wider imitation than they as yet receive. British motorists as a body know that they must drive discreetly in Brighton, and so they give the Brighton police amazingly little trouble.

R. E. DAVIDSON

DRAMA!

Can he go through with it? He lifts the blade and gingerly tests its edge. It had seemed easy planning days ahead, but his nerve fails him now the time has arrived. He thinks of people who suffer agony all their lives because of the very same thing . . . . He can't! He won't! But no, it is too late now to change his mind. Mentally he squares his shoulders and he turns to pick up the blade which seemed to glitter menacingly in the morning sunlight—he's gone too far now, and can do nothing but go through with it. Footsteps are heard growing nearer, he braces himself for the act, the door opens . . .

"Here you are, son, some boiling hot water and a tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. It may be your first shave but you might just as well start right—there's nothing like Parke-Davis Shaving Cream for a perfect shave."

Whether or not it's your first shave you should send for a free sample of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream to Euthymol, Box 119.21, Beak Street, London, W.1, or better still, get a large tube for 1/6 at your chemist. It leaves the face satin smooth without a trace of soreness.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 31.—GAMES IN THE RAIN.

I. CRICKET.

The game is played with two dice. The first has on five of its faces the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 respectively, and on the remaining face the words "How's That"; the second has on its six faces the words "Caught," "Bowled," "Leg-before-Wicket," "Stumped," "No-ball" and "Not-out," respectively. The player throws the first die and if one of the numbered faces falls uppermost the corresponding number is counted towards the score of the player. He continues to throw the die until the face "How's That" falls uppermost. The second die is then thrown and unless "No-ball" or "Not-out" falls uppermost the player's innings is ended. If "No-ball" or "Not-out" appears, he continues his innings as before by throwing the first die adding one extra to the score in the case of "No-ball."

WHAT IS THE AVERAGE SCORE WHICH THE PLAYER MAY EXPECT TO MAKE OVER A LONG SERIES OF GAMES?

PROBLEM 29.—THE ENIGMA CLUB

Doughty scored 54 points.

A competitor neither wins nor loses who scores 2 points during the evening. The contests last for eleven evenings. One competitor (Doughty) always scores more than 2 points. Two competitors always score 2 points. Two competitors always score fewer than 2 points. What number of competitors gives 11 *and not more than 11* distributions of points consistent with these data?

The number is soon found (by experiment) to be *six*, and the distributions of 2 points are:

1.	*8*	2	2	0	0	0
2.	*7*	2	2	1	0	0
3.	*6*	2	2	2	0	0
4.	*6*	2	2	1	1	0
5.	5	*3*	2	2	0	0
6.	*5*	2	2	2	1	0
7.	*5*	2	2	1	1	1
8.	*4*	4	2	2	0	0
9.	4	*3*	2	2	1	0
10.	*4*	2	2	2	1	1
11.	*3*	3	2	2	1	1

Doughty's scores are italicised in each case.

PROBLEM 28.—THE RATTLETRAP CUP.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. W. B. Clarke, 18, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

Points are being awarded in accordance with the decision published last week.

I have not yet had time to go through the entries and assess points on this basis.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

BY TRINCULO

NO. 3.—UPRIGHTS.

There's satisfaction—I suppose—
Both when it comes and when it goes.

LIGHTS.

1. There's nothing—save two fifties—here.
2. Are somewhat retrograde, I fear.
3. The little fish has lost its tail.
4. For her, no doubt, the crooners wail.

I will give a copy of my *Week-End Problems Book* to the first correct solution opened. Solutions must reach me by Tuesday week and must be addressed to *Trinculo*, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC, NO. 1.

B A K E R
E V I D E N T
A N T I C
THEODORE

I am sending a copy of the *Week-End Problems Book* to:
Mrs. Stewart Fergusson, 40 George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

The forty-second annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, July 26, in London.

The Right Hon. Lord Essendon (the chairman) said, in part, that:

It was not to be expected that they would be able entirely to avoid the depression which still hung over the shipping industry. The hopes which they had entertained that conditions were improving had not yet materialised. Consequently they had laboured throughout the year under most difficult circumstances and with most depressing conditions.

The result was that for the past year they had a credit balance of £379,674, after providing for expenses of every description. As was the case last year, they had brought into account a transfer from reserves amounting approximately to the same sum as a year ago. Adding that credit balance to the amount brought in, after providing for the half-yearly dividends on the Preference shares, as well as the interim dividend on the Ordinary shares, they had an available amount of £390,197, from which they proposed to transfer £200,000 to depreciation account, to pay the very meagre final dividend of 1 per cent. on the Ordinary share capital, and to carry forward £145,197.

It must be borne in mind that British shipping had developed to such an extent that even after the war—and the same applied to-day—Britain had the largest and, he thought, most efficient mercantile marine in the world, and her shipping trade was therefore more open to attack both by foreign competition and by political and economic conditions than it otherwise would be.

Compared with 1913, world trade was less than half what it had been, and world carrying capacity was 50 per cent. to 70 per cent. in excess of what it had been. It was estimated that British ships were carrying 40 per cent. of the world's trade. At any rate, they had a lower percentage of laid-up tonnage than any other country, with the exception of Japan, Sweden and Denmark.

There was obviously nothing fundamentally wrong with the British shipping industry. The root of the trouble lay in the serious contraction of international trade, and he was afraid that they could only look to the leaders of Governments and to those who had control of political, economic and financial affairs to establish the foundations upon which international trade might be resuscitated.

Because of the anticipated development in Empire Trade, they had thought it desirable to extend their interests in Empire trade. The restrictions placed upon Argentine trade should be of benefit to Australasia, and they were doing their best to spread their interests in a manner which seemed wise. As to the outlook generally, he still retained his natural optimism as to the ultimate outcome of events. The report was adopted.

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX INHALANT

for Summer Colds

A cold in the summer time is intensely disagreeable, and the prevalence of dust renders a cure difficult—unless "Vapex" is used. "Vapex" soothes, cleanses and protects the inflamed mucous membrane of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the germ-killing vapour.

All Chemists 2/- and 3/-

V.30 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

A SPLENDID TRADITION!

WILL YOU HELP TO KEEP IT UP?

There is not one day in the calendar which is not the anniversary of an heroic rescue by the Life-Boat Service

It needs each year

5 Farthings

from every one of our population. Will you give your share and as much more as you can afford?

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,

Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

An 'EVERFRESH' BARNEYS at 10½D the oz.

Hiss-s-s!

Until you pull the Rubber Tab, a virtual vacuum within and atmospheric pressure without, keep the "EVERFRESH" Tin sealed and locked indefinitely.

Barneys Empire enjoys the benefit of "EverFresh" *patented* protection. Buying the 2 oz. or 4 oz. sizes, you will surely encounter the condition of Factory-freshness which is only possible under "EverFresh" packing:

Pull the rubber tab: that breaks the Vacuum Seal. The lid now lifts easily. Inside? 2 ozs. (or 4 ozs.) of sweet, fragrant wondrous Barneys Empire, as FRESH as when the Container was sealed within the Factory . . . this miracle of FRESHNESS happens whether you open the Tin in London in Winter, or Bagdad in Summer.

In type, character *and condition* Barneys Empire is a high-priced Tobacco. But for the Preferential Duty on Empire grown leaf, you would find it amongst the high-priced Mixtures: not only because it is the best Tobacco *at* 10½*d.* but because John Sinclair believes it is *the best Empire Tobacco yet,* please try it.

BARNEYS 'EMPIRE'

Made by JOHN SINCLAIR

B.E.5